The Literary Digest

FOR DECEMBER 19, 1936

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Mail

Metaxas

Sir:—Your slant on the affairs of Greece under the Premiership of General Metaxas and King George II (November 21 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST) needs revision. . . . You have misrepresented these two brilliant leaders of the new Hellenic Renaissance . . . probably misinformed by some anti-Greek propagandist.

If you will check true conditions in Greece, you will find that Greece at last finds itself in the hands of two popular leaders, and that all misfortunes of that nation since its modern independence is due to foreign intervention.

NICHOLAS G. V. NESTOR.
Springfield, Massachusetts.

The Foreign Comment Editors did indeed "check true conditions in Greece"—but checked them in Athens.—*Editor.*

Stradivarius

Sir:—In your issue of November 28, the writer of "Last Strad: Baillot Instrument Turns Up," answered his own question when he says, "Almost certainly."

He knows, of course, that whenever another "Strad" is required, it is made in the privacy of some dealer's back room. . . . I have fooled violinists on "Strads" which I made myself, but always have told them my work

(*Continued on page 47*)

...let Briggs be your pal!

WE'VE got room for about 100 words to sell you Briggs Pipe Mixture. But actually, we only need these three—"Try Briggs today!"

If you'll do that, then our job's done . . . because we've discovered that nine out of ten men who try Briggs once are sold on Briggs for life!

The truth is, that Briggs has created a modestly priced pipe mixture that wins men accustomed to the most expensive brands.

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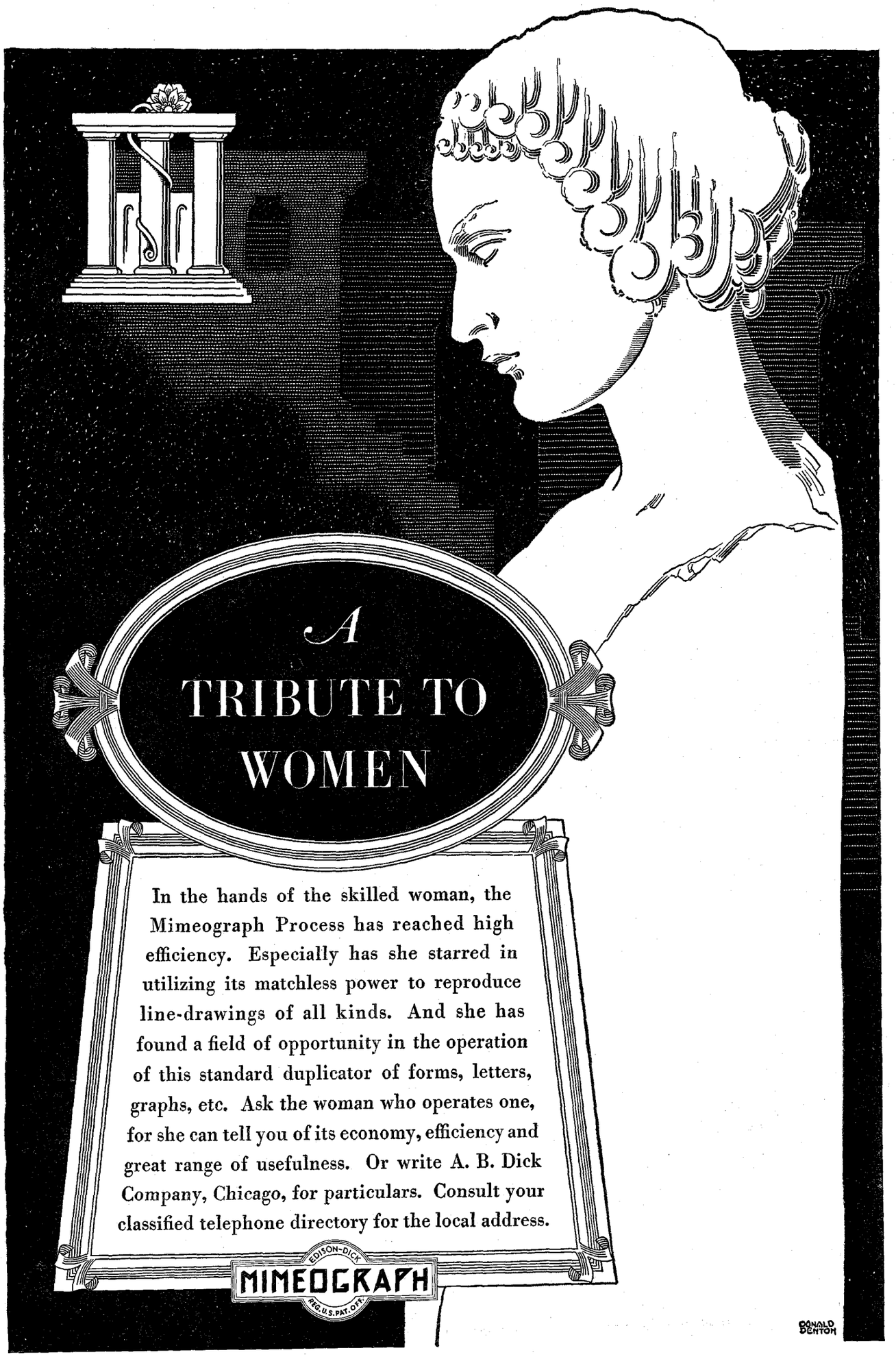
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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK DECEMBER 19, 1936

Foreign Comment

THE KING GOES; LONG LIVE THE KING!

For Britain, a New Queen Bess; for Edward, Reunion in Vienna

Ottawa, 10:42 A.M.; Hongkong, 10:42 P.M.; Cape Town, 4:42 P.M.; Canberra, 1:42 A.M.; Singapore, 10:42 P.M.; Delhi, 8:42 P.M.; Wellington, 3:42 A.M.

And in London, it was 3:42 P.M. on the afternoon of December 10, 1936, when Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin rose in the House of Commons with the decision for which, around the world, an Empire waited.

"A message from His Majesty the King, sir, signed by His Majesty's own hand."

"After long and anxious consideration," the Speaker read, and his voice quavered in the silent House, "I have determined to renounce the throne to which I succeeded on the death of my father, and I am now communicating this, my final and irrevocable decision."

Democracy—*i.e.*, public opinion, as interpreted by island and empire politicians—had won. Parliament cheerfully faced a *fait accompli*. Rather than see a divorced woman with two living husbands his Queen or morganatic wife, the British Empire accepted the only voluntary abdication of a King in British history, tho this one had ascended the throne less than a year before with unrivaled popularity and promise.

Long Live the King!—Overnight, the British people pledged their loyalty to Edward's eldest brother, the almost unknown Duke of York, who succeeded as George VI.

"I will not enter now into my private feeling," Edward wrote, "but I would beg that it should be remembered that the burden which constantly rests upon the shoulders of a Sovereign is so heavy that it can only be borne in circumstances different from those in which I now find myself.

"I conceive that I am not overlooking the duty that rests on me to place in the forefront the public interest when I declare that I am conscious that I can no longer discharge this heavy task with efficiency or with satisfaction to myself."

Therefore, "I, Edward VIII of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare my irrevocable determination to renounce the throne for myself and for my descendants, and my desire that effect should be given to this instrument of abdication immediately. . . .

"I am deeply sensible of the consideration which they (my people) have always extended to me, both before and after my accession to the throne, and which I know they will extend in full measure to my successor."

Victorian Remnant—In the oak-paneled hall the King may not enter, and where his name must not figure in debate, Baldwin told his unromantic story of the love which caused Edward to abdicate after a ten-months' reign.

Last October, the Prime Minister said, he knew "there was in the near future a divorce case coming on, the results of which made me realize that possibly a difficult situation might arise later." Without consulting the Cabinet, he saw the monarch privately and warned him that gossip would prove dangerous to the Crown.

© International

His Majesty, King George VI

A month later, after the court had granted a decree nisi, the King sent for him. Baldwin expressed his opinion on a possible marriage. "That marriage would have involved a lady becoming Queen, and I did tell His Majesty that I might be a remnant of the old Victorians, but my worst enemy could not say this of me—that I did not know what the reaction of the English people would be to any particular course of action. I told him that so far as they went, I was certain that that would be impracticable." (Not only his enemies, but the impartial must have recalled that the politician misread public opinion a year ago, when he sponsored the short-lived Hoare-Laval Treaty which proposed to divide Ethiopia with Italy.)

Edward replied: "I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson, and I am prepared to go."

Family Scene—He told his mother that night, and his brothers a day or so later. At the King's request, Baldwin consulted the British Cabinet and the Dominion Governments on the chances of passing legislation to approve a morganatic marriage. His inquiry indicated they would be nil. Edward never questioned the decision.

"The House must realize, and it is difficult to realize," Baldwin droned on, "that His Majesty is not a boy. He looks so young that we all thought of him as our Prince, but he is a mature man with a wide and varied experience of life and the world."

Baldwin's only explanation was that the "crisis, if I may use that word, has risen now rather than later from that very frankness of His Majesty's character which is one of his many attractions."

The Prime Minister begged M. P.'s to meet the unprecedented situation with a dignity which rivaled the monarch's. They did. Even Winston Churchill, leader of a futile little group of "King's men" who had tried to stop history, accepted Baldwin's argument that the King's decision had not been forced. Yet, he said, Edward has voluntarily made "sacrifices that go far beyond the bounds required by law and the Constitution."

"Cant and Humbug"—George Buchanan was one of the handful who objected. Mindful, perhaps, of Baldwin's insistence that the "friendship of perfection" which long held him to the monarch had strengthened during their recent interviews, the Independent Laborite burst out: "To-day I have listened to more cant and humbug than ever before in my life!"

Both Houses of Parliament passed the Abdication Act in record time. It contained one clause to save Edward the humiliation of seeking his brother's permission for the marriage to which the Empire

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Acme

David Windsor's eyes, which have seen too much of Kings . . .

objected: "The Royal Marriages Act of 1772 shall not apply to His Majesty after his abdication and not to the issue, if any, of His Majesty or descendants of that issue."

Why?—"It is not probable," the New York *Times* ventured to remark, "that Prime Minister Baldwin's speech in the House of Commons tells the whole story."

Many felt with George Bernard Shaw that Edward quit, "simply and solely because he hates his job and has had enough of it."

"What's the good of being Prince if I can't do as I like?" he protested as a youngster after riding his bicycle across his father's geranium bed. Innumerable incidents supported the popular impression that as Prince of Wales he had not looked forward to kingship with pleasure. Once, in a Paris club, he said to an American:

"How shall I behave here?"

"Like a human being." The answer roused his quick smile, but just then a Britisher came up, bowed from the waist.

"How can I?" Edward sighed.

Commoner and Commoner—The difference between him and his brother-in-law, Viscount Lascelles, he once explained, was that "Lascelles every day gets royaler and royaler, and I get commoner and commoner."

His father's illness in 1928 led to numerous complaints on the chances he took. Baldwin got his promise not to fly. Parliamentary objections forced him to give up point-to-point and steeplechase riding because of his widely publicized falls.

Yet, whether or not he wanted his high position, Edward called it "my job." He put in as long hours as his Ministers over his work. Since his accession, indeed, rumor had him drafting heated reports on social conditions which officials quickly pigeonholed.

Some suggested that Edward may have sensed a waning popularity, but after his Welsh visit, and his unconstitutional promise, "Something will be done!" he was cheered in cinemas and on the streets as never before.

It's not much of a job for an ambitious man, being King of Great Britain. The Old Guard objected to his way of life; politicians feared he would not keep the place to which custom relegated him.

Bred in Tradition—Why did Edward force the issue so soon, when he could not have married for five months? Why did he not decide to put his popularity and his legal right to marry whom he pleased to a test?

George V, Edward VII, Edward VIII

He said himself: "There has never been any constitutional crisis between me and them (the Ministers), and between me and Parliament. Bred in the constitutional tradition by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise."

In view of the Bishop of Bradford's attack, the attitude of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the press campaign against him, his decision must remain something of a mystery until, in years to come, the "King's men" write their version.

To sentimentalists the world over, Edward the Romantic, in placing his duty to the woman he loved above his duty to 500,000,000 subjects, merely proved his humanity. His advice to his successor further emphasized it:

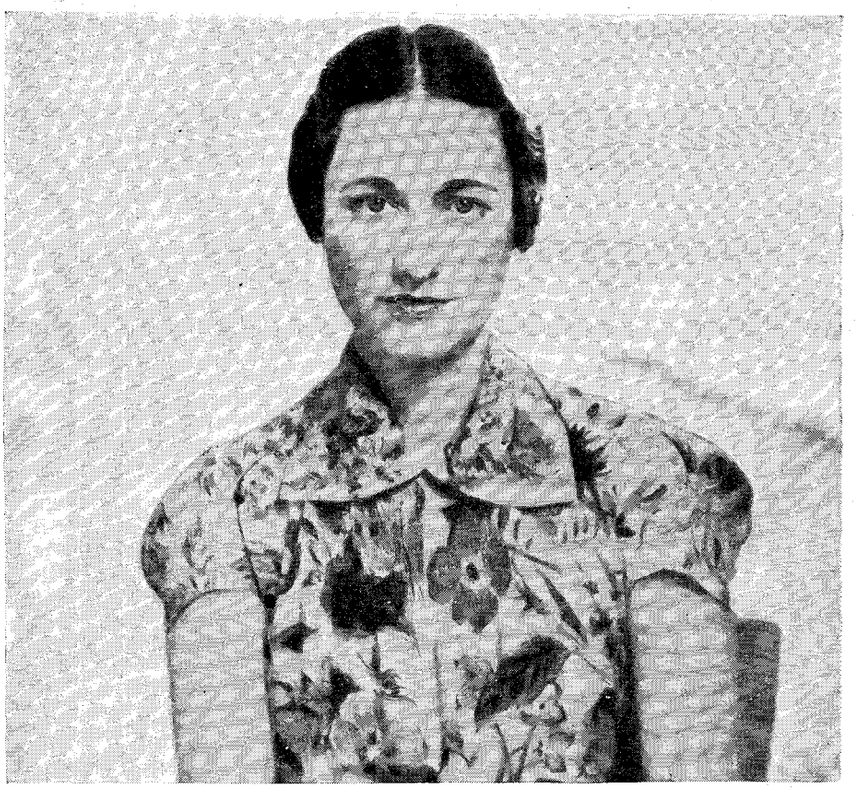
"Be a good family man!"

Ranks Closed!—Like official Britain and the Empire, the populace followed Baldwin's appeal: "We must close our ranks!" The world looked on amazed while they stolidly acclaimed the new King as if death had ended Edward's brief reign.

The King was not dead, and the Accession Council's proclamation began:

"Whereas, by an Instrument of Abdication dated the tenth day of December, instant, His former Majesty, King Edward the Eighth, did declare it his irrevocable determination to renounce the throne for himself and his descendants. . . . We do now hereby with one voice and consent of tongue and heart publish and proclaim that the High and Mighty Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George is now become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord George the Sixth, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King. . . ."

Acknowledging their fealty, and packing up to difficult words to hide his stutter, King George pledged a constitutional Government. "With my wife and helpmeet by



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. . have turned toward Wallis Simpson

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my side," he said, "I take up the heavy task which lies before me. In it I look for the support of all my peoples." His first act was to name his brother Duke of Windsor.

A Queen At Last—The new Queen's scarlet and gold throne had already been placed beside the King's in the House of Lords when peers and M. P.'s took the oath. Throughout the Empire, officials hurriedly repeated it.

Thousands jammed London streets for a repetition of the proclamation ceremony they heard in January. Altho less enthusiastic, they cheered loyally.

As the Garter Principal King at Arms read the scroll from a balcony of St. James's Palace, spectators stared at the King, the Queen Mother, and her little granddaughters, looking on from Marlborough House. In the Palace, the window from which Mrs. Simpson smiled down beside the King last January was vacant.

England found it fitting that the Duke of York should choose his father's name and take the throne as George VI.

George V was also a younger brother. As a youngster in the Navy, he went on a world tour with the Duke of Clarence, and boasted that while "he does all the work, I have all the fun." Yet when the Duke died, at twenty-nine, the young Prince did his duty. He not only accepted the succession, but he married his brother's fiancée, now the Queen Mother, Mary.

Tho self-conscious to the point of awkwardness, the new King never shirked a public obligation. As a youngster, he was trained for the Navy, like his father, and saw service in the Battle of Jutland before ill health forced him to resign.

A Man of Parts—Then he studied history and economics at Cambridge. In 1923, he married Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore. The reputed love match with the Scottish commoner aroused tremendous enthusiasm.

Factory visits, his chief interest, won him the title of "Industrial Prince," tho he once said cheerfully that machines always broke down when he went near them.

He plays good tennis and once entered a doubles match at Wimbledon, but he is not so good a horseman as his elder brother, or a first-rate shot like his father.

Lacking Edward's charm and democratic manner, he has been considered cold and snobbish. As he himself said modestly when some one asked for his autograph: "I am only a very ordinary person when people let me be one."

Good Queen Bess—Elizabeth is Britain's first commoner Queen since Henry VIII married his sixth wife, Catherine Parr. Kind and energetic, she takes her duties as seriously as her husband, tirelessly opening bazaars, visiting hospitals, tramping miles through industrial exhibits. Her pleasant expression caused London reporters to dub her "the smiling Duchess." They write reams on the happy evenings when she bakes scones and the ex-sailor makes coco.

Critics have called her too ambitious, and King Edward once said: "The only reason I shall ever marry and have children is to disappoint the Duchess of York."

Bess Number Two—Edward's abdication makes his wistful niece Elizabeth, ten, heir to the throne. From babyhood, her mother and grandmother have drilled her with their motto: "Duty first, self second." The lesson proves harder than history or French, for she has the stubbornness which sometimes crops up in her father's family. Once she interrupted the Queen Mother with: "Listen to me. Royalty speaking."

Another time, she kept bobbing up in a theater box until her grandmother threatened to send her home. "Oh, but you can't do that, Granny!" the youngster protested. "Think of all the people outside waiting to see me who will be disappointed!" She went home, and by a rear door.

Last week, she and her six-year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose, played in their London garden. The child who will rule the Empire unless she has a brother or her father survives her sensed that something was wrong. "What is happening to Uncle David?" she asked; and learned that her father was King.

At Long Last—That night the man who had refused the duty to which his family's tradi-

© Keystone

Princess Elizabeth, heir to throne

tion bound him sat before a microphone in Windsor Castle to explain.

"His Royal Highness, Prince Edward," some one announced.

"At long last, I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak."

The sincere voice throbbed with emotion. "You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne. But I want you to understand that in making up my mind, I did not forget the country or the Empire which, as Prince of Wales and lately as King, I have for twenty-five years tried to serve."

In the Royal Lodge near-by, where he had just left a farewell dinner, the royal family was in tears.

"But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love."

Women sobbed on the streets of London; lonely ranchers in far-off Australia stared mistily into space. In New York, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt reached her destination, and retained her taxi to hear the end over its radio. At Cannes, Mrs. Simpson hung on his voice, but no one described her reaction to the curious world.

"The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to make me take a different course."

God Bless You All—Edward expressed his allegiance and faith in his brother, who "has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you, and not bestowed on me—a happy home with his wife and children."

His strained voice broke, but at the end it rang firm and gallant: "God bless you all! God save the King!"

The British press is still trying to wipe out the memory of that moving speech.

Immediately after he made it, Edward went into exile, crossing to Boulogne on the destroyer *Fury*, with his equerry, the Honorable Piers Legh, and a cairn terrier. A special car took him to Austria, where he hoped to find privacy in Castle Enzersfeld, property of Baron Eugene Rothschild.

If he promised never to return, or to stay away a specified time, the fact was not revealed to the British public.

Thus the ruler of the world's greatest Empire joined the shabby band of ex-Kings —the wood-chopper of Doorn, Germany's forgotten All Highest; Alfonso of Spain, who roams the Continent looking for pleasure; Ferdinand of Bulgaria, an old man doddering over his stamps; Prajadhipok of Siam, Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, Abdel Medjik of Turkey, and Amanullah of Afghanistan.

Only forty-two, energetic, trained to the rule of 500,000,000, what interest can the Duke of Windsor find to take the place of the "burden" he laid down? As long as he lives—and his family is noted for living a long time—he will be, in spite of himself, the Prince across the water, a source of intrigue for the discontented in his island home and throughout the Empire.

"The Other Person"—Mrs. Simpson, who must face these problems with her husband, remained at Cannes. It was rumored that they would not meet until her divorce decree becomes final in five months, to avoid further scandal. As a Belfast paper said: "Britain's divorce chicken has come home to roost!" (See page 19.)

As the heroine of one of the great loves of history, for whom a man made a sacrifice greater than any man had made before, the former Baltimore divorcée becomes immortal. Her problem will be to try to prove to the world that her third husband was not a fool.

She may become Duchess of Windsor, but the chances are she will never risk the snubs of the only court where that title holds significance. The Queen Mother, the Queen and the peeresses will see to that.

The Queen Mother immediately rallied to George, at the expense of her favorite son, with a public message which stole the story of the most dramatic broadcast in history in the British press. Then she administered a public snub to her future daughter-in-law. Denying reports that the two women had mingled tears, and that Mrs. Simpson had won the support of the Queen, it was officially announced that the Queen had not seen her son's friend this year.

In the modern world, Mrs. Simpson, tho she outrivals her, can not drift along the

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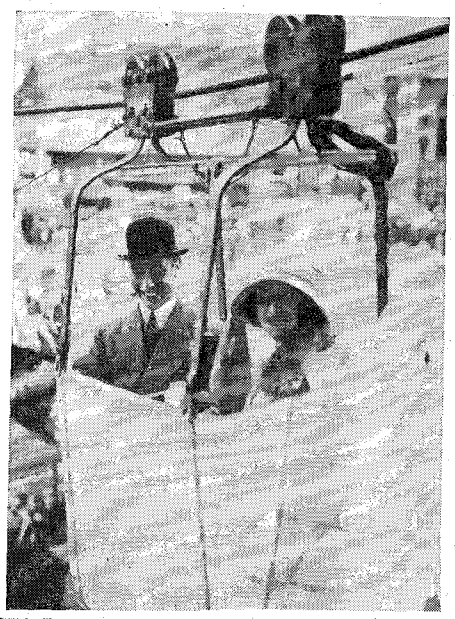
Foreign Comment



Wide World

The Duke of York goes up . . .

Nile under silken sails as Cleopatra did with Antony when he relinquished Rome for her. Edward's outstanding modern contemporary remains King Carol of Rumania, who, as a married Crown Prince, was maneuvered into relinquishing the succession over red-haired Magda Lupescu.

Altho finances will probably not be a part of Mrs. Simpson's troubles, a rumor spread in London that the ex-King is broke. A banking house, it was said, recently refused him further credit. The amount of his private fortune is unknown, but Mrs. Simpson's jewels are supposed to have eaten into it heavily, as well as into the $2,000,000 income he drew for State and personal use.

His mother and the King supposedly will help him out from their funds until some Parliamentary provision is made. At present, the opinion is that $250,000 a year would keep him nicely.

Business As Usual—The Empire recovered from the tragedy of its loss practically.

Perhaps $250,000,000 was involved in the Coronation scheduled for May 12. Lloyd's reputedly had issued $500,000 in insurance. Late in October, the policies, which at first said "the Coronation of King Edward," were issued against "the Coronation of the Sovereign." That was well before November 16, when, according to the Prime Minister, Edward announced he was prepared to go.

At any rate, $250,000,000 is a lot of money. The day he succeeded, it was announced that George VI would go through the ceremony planned for his brother on May 12.

The Empire rejoiced. Even the Irish Free State, which had never proclaimed Edward King, rallied to the extent of acknowledging his brother as supreme in Ireland's foreign affairs.

Press Comment—Quickly building up George, the British press paused only briefly to comment on Edward's decision.

"Amid all his great qualities," the *Times* decided, "there was something lacking."

Edinburgh *Scotsman:* "This should not have been the end."

London *News Chronicle:* "The people felt that Edward had it in him to be a great King. But when the supreme decision came between personal choice and public duty, he lacked just the requisite fiber to stay the tremendous course."

Daily Herald: "The affection which this democratic people feels for its King springs only from this: that he serves rather than rules. . . . And a new King takes the throne at a moment when the nation has made it more plain than ever that it will not conceive of kingship on any other terms."

In the United States, Eastern papers on the whole blamed, the rest largely sympathized with Edward.

America's columnists minced few words, wrote many:

Hugh S. Johnson, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty newspapers: "With the world in riot and the British Empire in danger of being cut in two in the Mediterranean, would Stanley Baldwin have precipitated this crisis months before it was necessary and with no aim higher than the tongue of Mrs. Grundy?

"It doesn't make sense. This column

. . . as Edward chutes the chutes

lays claim to no special dope, but such as it has indicates that the opinion of the British Government was that the King was 'temperamentally unfit for Coronation'—that his mother precipitated the issue and that Dave Windsor, by his 'just-a-big-overgrown-boy' nonsense, gave his opponents exactly the opportunity they sought—to put a frozen-faced automaton in his place. That's what is needed under a modern Crown."

Walter Lippmann, New York *Herald Tribune* Syndicate, in 139 newspapers: "Tho there are still Kings and noblemen in the British Constitution, the Empire is no longer an aristocratic society, and a King who does not conform to the moral expectations of the British masses can, therefore, no longer be the King. The French Riviera and the drawing-rooms of London, Paris and even New York are populated with royalty who did not know how to adapt themselves to the rise of democracy, to its desires and its morals, and, if you like, its prejudices. They were unable to realize that the preservation of monarchy in a democracy requires that the public and the private life of the royal family shall conform to the standards which its subjects profess, that it shall reflect the image which the people have of royalty, renouncing the liberties which royalty used once to enjoy before the people could read or the newspapers were circulated."

Jay Franklin, Des Moines *Register and Tribune* Syndicate, in forty-five newspapers: "When Edward VIII succeeded his father, he was known to have a pronounced sympathy for the British underdogs. In particular, the fate of the Welsh coal-miners excited his compassion and he publicly announced his will to help them. Since some of the great Conservative peers live on coal royalties, this was not taken in good part.

"Almost at once British society began a whispering campaign about the King and Mrs. Warfield Simpson, whose friendship had hitherto been regarded with sympathetic toleration by the upper classes."

Westbrook Pegler, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in fifty-nine newspapers: "Mr. Baldwin probably has in mind the thought that a woman divorced twice in twenty years might be just naturally restless. The idea of a Queen of England packing off to Reno and then into the movies and selling her memoirs doubtless disturbs him, too. . . . There is nothing in the record to prove that Mrs. Simpson would run out on the King and the British Empire, but she just barely might, and the reliability of the Queen is no less important to the nation than to the King himself. It would be taking an unnecessary chance, and as Prime Minister it is Mr. Baldwin's duty to prevent needless risks. So why speak of love to Stanley Baldwin?"

Mark Sullivan, New York *Herald Tribune* Syndicate, in seventy-five newspapers: "In New York last week I noticed that the hat girl at the restaurant had arranged her hair and eyebrows and lips and dress to look as near as she could attain to the latest published photograph of Mrs. Simpson. Having observed the hat girl, I looked at girls in dining-rooms and offices. The Mrs. Simpson model is spreading. In this there is nothing new. Young girls have long been taking Hollywood heroines as their models of dress and carriage. The result has made any group of young women more attractive to the eye than were those of a generation ago. But, looking back over centuries, one reflects that it is a far cry to the time when young women took Joan of Arc and the saints of the Church as their ideals."

Paul Mallon, North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers: "Masters of statecraft here [in Washington] have been looking forward to the abdication of Dave Windsor as a matter of little immediate international concern. Mr. Windsor is said to have been inspirational in developing only two British policies. He liked the Germans and sought to swing London closer to Berlin. . . . The only other issue he seemed to bother much about was strengthening of the British Air Force."

David Lawrence, New York *Sun*, and 160 other newspapers: "The British Navy is a valuable force in the maintenance of world peace, and British cooperation is an essential to American foreign policy in the Far East. Anything, therefore, which tends to break down the collective strength of the British Empire becomes a matter of more than academic concern for the United States."

H. L. Mencken in the Baltimore *Sun:* "I consider Edward an idiot. His abdication shows it."

And from England:

G. B. Shaw: "A frightful insult to the United States!"

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BESIEGED MADRID: Loyalists Defiant and Boastful as Cold Paralyzes Moors

Two weeks ago Saturday, Fascist besiegers of Madrid quartered in the Clinical Hospital building of University City flew skyward in a fountain of blasted masonry, blown to eternity by a mine.

Last Sunday, Rebels still occupying part of University City stared, pop-eyed, at a manhole cover rising slowly in a rubble-strewn street. From behind what remained of a building, they watched three dirt-caked, emaciated, unshaven Spaniards inch their way out of the sewer, creep toward a shelter of ruined masonry.

Summoned to halt, the three, recognizable as Loyalist militiamen, surrendered; admitted they were part of the company which had exploded the mine.

For fourteen days, the whole company had been lost in the dark sewer, creeping this way, that way, any way, foodless, sightless in the dark, seeking the hole by which they had entered.

"Cats" and "Rats"—Rebel sentries hastily posted at every manhole in the shattered blocks under their control began a death-watch, like cats at rat-holes, waiting for the rest of the company of dynamiters.

Otherwise Madrid's siege lagged, partly because the attackers, mainly Moors accustomed to African sun, were paralyzed by the cold; partly because Gen. Francisco Franco, despairing of taking the city by frontal attack, began pushing out his flanks to surround and starve the city.

Within Madrid, despite the gaping bomb-riven buildings, shell-pitted streets, overflowing hospitals, ever-dwindling food supply, confidence soared—soared so loftily that commanders pooh-poohed proposals to end the war by mediation from without, by plebiscite, by any means except:

"Complete annihilation of the Rebels."

Both artillery shelling and air-plane bombing had lessened during the week. Leftists felt Franco had shot his bolt, despite reports that 6,000 Germans and 2,500 Italians had landed and that Sunday night 1,000 Irish volunteers had sailed, without lights, from Galway to aid the Fascists.

Boast—"The war would have been over long ago, had non-intervention been enforced," boasted defenders of the city. Foreigners in their own forces they rated as individual volunteers.

Meanwhile, at autonomous Catalonia's Capital, Barcelona, Premier José Taradellas, in trouble with the Anarcho-Syndicalists opposed to all forms of Government, gave up, announced his Government was breaking down, implied he would resign.

To Valencia, present home of Spain's Leftist civil Government, came a message from Garcia.

Capt. Augustin Garcia, of submarine *C-3*, wirelessed from Malaga that he had been picked out of the sea by the Spanish merchantman *Artabro* after his submarine had sunk with forty-two of its crew.

"Torpedoed," he said, "by another submarine of unknown nationality." Only Garcia and three of the crew escaped.

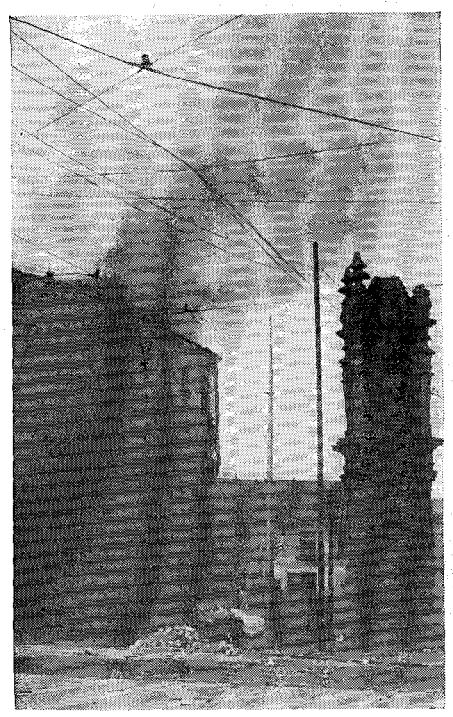
In Geneva, the League of Nations Council considered the Franco-British proposal for mediation; at French and British insistance, "recognized" the Leftists as Spain's official Government, passed the buck back to the Non-Intervention Committee in London, which busied itself with plans for stricter, that is to say, some, enforcement of the non-intervention agreement, now as full of holes as a fish-net.

South Americans—Chile's Council member, Augustin Edwards, presiding at the meeting, apologized to Spain's Foreign Minister Julio Alvarez del Vayo, that the Chilean Ambassador could not follow the Spanish Government in its flight to Valencia, reason being that the Embassy was packed with Spanish refugees whose lives would be forfeit if they left the building. Bolivia's delegate echoed the excuse, asking safe conduct for refugees in both Embassies.

"Rebels, aristocrats, armed, munitioned, ready to boil out and join Franco as full fledged soldiers if he enters the city," barked del Vayo, who refused any guaranty of safety.

Identical acceptances from Germany and Italy of the mediation proposal convinced suspicious Frenchmen that both countries intended lip-service only, meanwhile continuing their aid to Franco.

Bed-ridden Pope Pius XI approved the mediation.



H. V. Drees from Acme

More lives are lost and more buildings crumble as bombs continue to fall on Madrid

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On the outskirts of Madrid new graves are constantly being filled

PAN-AMERICA: Cooperation With Geneva or Special League Debated at Buenos Aires

Two decades ago, the great ballroom in the Anchorena Palace, which faces Buenos Aires's beautiful Plaza San Martin, shuddered to the shuffle of dancing cattle barons and wealthy landlords.

Last week, the twenty-one heads of delegations from Latin America and the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt's words still ringing in their ears, sat like wallflowers round a table in the same room.

The Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace was in full swing. But the ghosts of Manchuria, Ethiopia and strife-torn Spain stalked frowningly through the ample halls.

The far-off voice of Geneva, however, had a special appeal for many of the South American Republics which pleaded for it under the zealous leadership of Dr. Carlos Saavedra Lamas, Nobel Peace Prize-winner, head of the Argentine delegation and Chairman of the Conference. A dissenting group, led by the Central American bloc, championed an American League of Nations and a Court of Justice for the western hemisphere.

Proposals—A devotee of world peace, Dr. Saavedra Lamas advocates cooperation with the present League for peace, sanctions and antiwar pacts included. The opposition, however, would have an inter-American union against outside aggression. War, aggression and invasion would be banned, and peace machinery would be vested in a permanent Executive Council, which would set a limit on armaments.

Paradoxically enough, it was again the

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Cuban delegate, José Manuel Cortina, who, forgetting the restriction and censorship in his own country, sponsored the motion for throwing the general and committee sessions open to the press. No less paradoxical was the bitter opposition of Nicaragua's spokesman, former President José Maria Moncada, to the Chilean proposal that armaments among the twenty-one members of the Pan-American Union be limited to the bare necessities of defense.

The controversy was unleashed when United States Secretary of State Cordell Hull submitted his delegation's principal contribution thus far: the Draft Neutrality Convention which, sharply splitting the delegations, found general acceptance only in its broad scope. Those who favored it maintained that such a neutrality policy would render the western hemisphere a weighty factor in preventing a major European war by denying to belligerents the advantage of war materials and foodstuffs.

Its opponents, on the other hand, insisted that because the United States is more self-sufficient than the other members, such a policy would disrupt their export trade by quickening the efforts of European nations to find other sources of raw materials and thus shun commercial relations with them.

Purpose—The proposed Convention would also place an embargo on shipment of arms and war implements to belligerents in the Americas. It would, at the same time, establish a permanent consultative committee made up of the various Secretaries of State and Foreign Ministers, "to collaborate on ways and means of avoiding armed conflict or terminating any that may be in progress."

While Chile and Argentina led the stiff opposition to the United States proposal, with Dr. Saavedra Lamas also disapproving the continuance of the Monroe Doctrine, the original bloc of five Central American States—which seemed to have been enlarged by the inclusion of Colombia, Panama, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Ecuador, Mexico and Cuba—stoutly upheld the Convention idea, thus bringing the vote to fifteen against the remaining six Republics.

At the same time, this bloc of Convention champions strongly insisted on adding Article II of their own draft, which reads:

"Each of the American nations will consider as an affront against itself any affront by extracontinental nations against the rights of any of them, and such an affront will occasion a united common reaction."

MASTER OF PERSIA: One-Time Robin Hood Becomes Modernizing, Benevolent Dictator

Omar Khayyam, in his famous "Rubaiyat," sang of Iran (Persia) as a land of roses, wine and mysticism. Before him, the mighty Firdausi gave the world a great epic, the Shah-Nameh (Book of Kings), in which he extolled the valor of his country's ancient kings and heroes. Then came Sadi, the divine dervish, who, in his Gulistan (Rose Garden), glorified saintly living and renunciation. Jalaludin Rumi, greatest of Persian mystics, couched Islam's theological mysteries in gems of *Sufi* ecstasies.

Until fifteen years ago, it remained more or less Omar's Iran—a land of poets and

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Reza Shah Pahlevi: self-made ruler of Iran

florid-tongued dervishes, the home of fervent Shiah Moslems and doleful passion plays, where *Mujtahids* (religious doctors) and *Mullahs* (preachers) held sway, and where the hard-swinked peasants and underpaid artizans wove marvels of eloquent arabesque into precious woolen or silk rugs for the western world's markets.

Last week, the compelling personality of Reza Shah Pahlevi, self-made ruler of Iran, bulked larger than ever as technicians put the finishing touches on two powerful radio stations through which he intends to complete his work of westernizing the once glorious Empire of Cyrus the Great.

Dictator—Tall and impressive-looking, the peasant-born *Shah* lords it over Iran as a benevolent dictator who personally enforces his decrees. In 1921, he led his army of 3,000 Russian-trained rovers into Teheran, the Capital. Five years later, he founded

Black Star

Mantle and veil decreed out of favor in Persia

his own dynasty, called loudly for progress and modernization.

His hand fell heavily on the easy-going grandees, the pleasure-bent *khans* and fanatical *Mujtahids* and *Mullahs*, whenever his studiedly mild voice failed to persuade them. No easy task, for, from time immemorial, the chief *Mujtahids* had ruled the *Shahs* of Iran from their seats in Nejef and Kerbela, in Iraq, and taught hate of all progressive ideas.

Reza Khan (as he was then called) cut their rule short by hand-picking members of his *Majlis* (Parliament) from among the liberal and educated classes. That done, he ousted the effete Kajar dynasts, made himself supreme by strengthening the army and encouraging his subjects to sop up European influence.

Until the World War, fear of Russian invasion was the bugbear of the *Shahs* who, at the same time, had to cope with the designs of England, which considered Iran as Russia's spring-board for pouncing upon her Indian possessions and thus endangering the Empire. By 1907, Russia and England had got together, split Iran into two spheres of influence, with Britain claiming the southern part. To tighten their strangle-hold, the British and Russians forced the then *Shahs* to grant their nationals railroad, port, mining, banking, tobacco and telegraph concessions. They were the real rulers and the *Shahs* their puppets.

Friends—But the Bolshevization of Russia proved Iran's godsend, for the large-hearted Red Russians quickly withdrew their troops in 1918 and vowed their sympathy for Iran's independence. The British saw their chance and the following year compelled the Persian Government to sign an Anglo-Persian Treaty which virtually placed the country under their tutelage.

Meanwhile, Reza Khan's star was rising. Two years later, he became War Minister and the Soviet renewed its peaceful avowals, undermined British influence and induced Iran to sign friendly treaties with Turkey and Afghanistan.

Tribal feuds and roving bandit chieftains began to disappear as the country became gradually centralized. The religious Sheiks and *Mullahs* held their peace and gave way to reform, as schools sprang up all over the land to educate the people, 90 per cent. of whom were illiterate. The brisk traffic in opium, carried on with the connivance of the religious, almost disappeared, and the squalid, louse-ridden towns were opened to sanitation and beautification.

Over this mass of about 10,000,000 Moslems—mostly Shiahs, with an admixture of Arabs, Turks, Kurds, Assyrians, Jews, Gipsies, Parsees and Lurs—soared the keen-beaked, graying form of the once bandit patriot who acquired fame as a Persian Robin Hood during his roving career. Shrewdly he had from the very first culled a few educated liberals to form his "brain trust" and to formulate a code of justice with which he ruled the outlying districts as a sort of bandit king, until he finally bestrode the throne of Darius.

Educator—Realizing his youthful disadvantages, he immediately sent scores of promising youths to study abroad at government expense. He encouraged Persian aviators, set afoot a huge road-building schedule and hired a Swiss to reorganize the civil courts. With a deadly blow, he imprisoned the tyrannical provincial chieftains and substituted *Walis* (Governors-General) and

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Hakims (Governors) in their places, while each quarter of the towns and villages was placed under a *Katkhuda* (Chief)—all directly accountable to the central Government of Teheran.

To extend the railroad system, German and American companies were granted construction licenses and a good highway linking Teheran with Bagdad was built. The nomadic tribes were encouraged to settle and a zealous propaganda campaign was carried out to emancipate women from the *harem* and the fetters of the *chadar* (mantle) and *peche* (veil).

Women flocked to the Association of Young Persian Women (Foyer Féminin), headed by the *Shah's* own daughter, Shahdukht Shams Pahlevi, as Honorary President. Even the country's only political body—the National Progressive Party—urged women's reform, maintaining that the veil custom existed only among townswomen and that the peasantry have never worn *chadar* or *peche*.

Emboldened by his success, the *Shah* next decreed a form of government monopoly on all Persian products, especially rugs, which are now sold to exporters through a system of licensing and quotas calculated to balance imports and exports.

REVOLT IN CHINA: Chang Hseuh-liang Arrests Chiang Kai-shek, Calls for War on Japan

China's jigsaw puzzle was scrambled twice last week.

Coup followed coup, with wily Chiang Kai-shek, eight years dictator of the Nanking Central Government first a victor, by purchase, in the Japan-subsidized guerrilla war in his northwest Provinces, and second, a hostage in the hands of one Chinese enemy—his job, temporarily at least, in the hands of another.

Ten days ago, Chiang read proof on a short but eloquent leaflet; sent it back to the printer. On Monday, shaggy, cotton-quilted bandit-soldiers, fighting side by side with Mongols in the Japan-sponsored invasion of Suiyuan Province, scrambled like animated featherbeds over the snows in the trail of a strange air-plane; came back clutching promises of a Christmas bonus.

To collect it, they were to desert their commander, Gen. Wang Ying, abandon the Japanese officers who had equipped, paid and trained them, and flock fifty miles to join Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Current price list:

Common soldier	$10 Mex.*
Captain	$ 2,000
Major	5,000
Brigadier	30,000
Division General	50,000
Gen. Wang, himself	50,000

Another list of "rewards" quoted prices on the new arms given Chiang's enemies, through Manchukuo, by the Japanese.

Pilot with plane	$20,000
Antiaircraft gunner with gun	10,000
Antitank gunner with gun	3,000
Antiaircraft gunner without gun	1,000
Ordinary rifle	30
Revolver	20

Wang's army promptly forgot the war. Singly and in groups, they began drifting away to collect the reward, better than the privilege of looting a town, their pay when times were bad.

*About three U. S. dollars, a month's pay in good times.

First applicants sent word that the reward was real, not a trick to lure them before mass firing-squads. Then two whole brigades, nearly 3,000 men with Gen. Shih Yu-san, neatly massacred the forty Japanese officers attempting to maintain discipline, left their bodies, according to custom, to the wolves, unusually hungry at this season; marched off to the nearest of Chiang Kai-shek's generals, Fu Tso-yi.

Ahead, astride a shaggy Mongol pony, galloped a messenger with General Shih's proclamation of everlasting loyalty to the Central Government and its chief. Above, at intervals, roared small Japanese airplanes whose pilots, furious, showered them with bombs so inadequate in their scatter-formation that a bare hundred failed to reach the cash-box at Kweisui.

White with anger, Japanese officers who had prepared and inspired the Suiyuan campaign far away at Hsingking in Manchukuo, watched their carefully laid plans crumble, mumbled:

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Chiang Kai-shek: No. 1 war-lord, seized by No. 2

"They never stay bought. Come spring, we can buy them back."

Five hundred miles south of Kweisui, Generalissimo Chiang and his staff celebrated their success lolling in the hot-spring baths of Chinghuatze; safe, they thought, in territory ruled by Vice-Generalissimo and No. 2 Chinaman, forty-year-old Marshal Chang Hseuh-liang.

While they simmered, three thousand of the marshal's men sneaked over from the Provincial Capital, Sianfu (pop. 1,000,000), twenty miles away, surrounded the baths, arrested Chiang and his staff, haled them, still steaming, back to Sianfu, held them *incommunicado*.

Their captor, who likes his opium and gambling, speaks English with a Scottish accent, and is the son of a former dictator of Manchuria, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, has been a problem to Chiang ever since he succeeded his father, dynamited through the roof of his train in 1928.

Ousted from Manchuria by the Japanese, hating them because, in addition to taking his huge realm (350,000 square miles, 30,000,000 taxpayers), Chang and the remnant of the 400,000 troops his father left him, have been alternately for and against the Generalissimo.

Lately, appeased by the extravagant title of Vice-Generalissimo, he has been, on the Generalissimo's orders, fighting Chinese Communists in the northwest. Learning that they, too, hated the Japanese and were willing to fight them, which the Generalissimo was not, Chang first fraternized with, then secretly joined them.

With his chief a hostage he, as is the custom of Chinese generals in moments of triumph, burned all China's wires Saturday with proclamations to other war-lords.

"Acting in the interests of the Chinese people," he demanded:

1. Readmission to the Koumintang (Nationalist, and governing, Party), of the Chinese Communists purged out when the Generalissimo gained control in 1927-'28.

2. Pledge by the Generalissimo to retake all China's lost Provinces, including Manchuria.

3. Immediate declaration of war against Japan.

Nanking grew as hysterical as Washington would have been had President Roosevelt been captured and held at Montevideo or Rio. Somebody had to be chief. Named "temporarily" to the post (he has tried to get it often by stratagem and force), was "Christian, but not 100 per cent.," Gen. Feng Yu-hsiang, changeling Red or White general, according to circumstances.

Fearing assassination of her husband, Mme. Chiang, beauteous Wellesley-educated daughter of the rich, banking Soong family, flew to Loyang to arrange his release. Before she got there, word came that the garrison of Loyang had joined the revolt against the Central Government.

Ordered against the usurping Chang Hseuh-liang, following rumors that Chiang Kai-shek was already dead, were all "loyal" forces in the region.

"He's safe," radioed Chang Hseuh-liang.

"Halt," went the command to the Generalissimo's rescuers. Chang Hseuh-liang has slaughtered prisoners, including generals, before, when pressed.

Rebuke—In Tokyo, Japan's almost unknown, never publicized but greatly respected Privy Council was convened by Emperor Hirohito. For the second time in its forty-nine years of existence, it summoned a Cabinet for reprimand.

Like office-boys called before a Board of Directors for stealing stamps, Premier Koki Hirota and Foreign Minister Hachiro Arita hung their heads while twenty-six venerable statesmen grilled them in the hearing of sixteen Princes of the Blood.

Perpetuation of the Council, formed in 1887 to help draw up Japan's Constitution, the Privy Council is still the watch-dog of that document. It performs functions of a supreme court, decides questions of the Imperial succession, of the Imperial House law, questions of interpretation and amendment of the Constitution, of issuing proclamations of the law of siege and of treaties. Year by year, its power grows.

"Are you ready to make a grave decision?" asked seventy-year-old bachelor Baron Kiichiro Hiramuno, the Council's President. To Arita and Hirota, that meant:

"Are you prepared to resign?"

Shaken politically, their only satisfaction being that Japan's press and public would know nothing of their humiliation, Premier and Foreign Minister were dismissed with warnings against further bungling.

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RELIEF WORKERS REBEL AGAINST CUTS

Budget-Reduction Drive Causes Sit-Down Strikes and Protests

In Pleasantville, New Jersey, a band of eighty-eight women gathered up their darning-spools and embroidery-hoops, trooped into the City Hall, and stretched out full-length on desks and benches. They would remain there, they said, "until hell freezes over"—or until the Works Progress Administration agreed to let them resume the two sewing projects on which they had been working for a year.

In New York City, 2,000 men and women streamed boisterously through the streets with placards reading, "ROOSEVELT —UPHOLD THE PEOPLE'S MANDATE — MAKE WPA ART PROJECTS PERMANENT!"

In Washington, the Workers' Alliance of America, mouthpiece of some 800,000 relief-workers sprinkled over forty-four States, made plans for nation-wide demonstrations on January 9 against relief lay-offs.

Country-wide protests such as these caused the headquarters of the Works Progress Administration in Washington to quiver throughout its ten dingy floors last week, brought into collision two top-flight relief officials, and convinced most Americans that, Recovery or no Recovery, WPA is not yet tottering to its grave.

Hot Water—The butt of more and sharper criticism than has been heaped on any two other New Deal agencies, the Works Progress Administration has been splashing about in hot water almost since May 6, 1935, the day of its birth.

It made a promise to get 3,500,000 unemployed into jobs of one kind or another by November 1, 1935, then found itself hog-tied in a snarl of administrative red tape and could not keep its word. The press scolded, the unemployed scoffed.

Eight months later, WPA officials and WPA publicity men were fighting off Republican campaign orators who spoke freely of "squandered relief money" and hooted at the "boondogglers." At the same time there were flank attacks from David Lasser, using his new Workers' Alliance as a foil to get minimum pay of $40 a month for all WPA workers.

Last week the Hopkins men were still on the defensive.

Within a fortnight after the election Washington reporters had woven facts, near-facts and guesses into a story that the President was determined to balance the budget and that one of the first steps in this direction would be the paring of relief-rolls.

Surveys had convinced him that 150,000 workers could be dropped from the WPA rolls, 250,000 drought-stricken farmers could be transferred from the Hopkins lists to those of the Resettlement Administration, $16,000,000 could be lopped off WPA's monthly relief bill, and ultimately the cost of made work would be pegged at $100,000,000 a month instead of the present $168,000,000.

Drought—The only blotch on this picture, which President Roosevelt was said to be drawing for his annual budget message to Congress next January, was the drought. It had added a load of $300,000,000 to the relief burden and so Congress would have to make another appropriation to carry the WPA program through the first half of 1937.

But despite the ravages of heat and wind, high-cost relief appeared to be on its way out. Even the genial Mr. Farley could predict that the WPA would soon be dismantled and the relief burden shifted from Washington to local communities.

It was not just guesswork on the Postmaster-General's part. The WPA Administrator for the District of Columbia had received orders to cut his relief roll at least 15 per cent. by January 1. Similar requests had gone or were about to go to other officials.

Then came the revolt against Retrenchment.

Mayors of eight large cities sped to Washington, assembled for a hurried conference, then dispatched a secret plea to President Roosevelt in Buenos Aires to call a halt on relief reductions.

With Acting WPA Administrator Aubrey Williams, they argued that employment had not kept pace with improved business conditions and that it was therefore out of the question to expect wholesale dismissals from the relief-rolls. "Every city is carrying its share and more of the load," they said, "and can not assume additional burdens."

The heavy-hearted Mayors had barely left the Capital to return home and wait for the President to act, when the truculent Lasser and a score of his followers in the Workers' Alliance stormed into the Williams office with arguments couched in fighting words. Lay-offs would be followed by mass picketing, they warned. There would be "stoppages," sit-down strikes, probably a great mobilization of relief-workers and a march on Washington soon after the opening of Congress.

Cheerless—Williams heard them out sympathetically, but could offer no comfort. Relief-money was very low, he said, and it would be necessary to drop about 175,000 workers by December 15. State Administrators already had their instructions to drop a total of 5,000 from their staffs, at least 150,000 workers who had other resources than WPA wages, and some 20,000 others whom the agency could no longer afford to carry.

Before leaving Washington after this unsuccessful interview, the Lasser delegation mailed to local chapters of the Alliance a program of vigorous action:

"We recommend that immediately upon the start of a lay-off we rally the entire force of WPA workers on every project to strikes, to stoppages, to protest meetings. . . . It is not patriotic to starve. We will not starve."

The relief-workers needed no such prodding. They had already begun to act. The Pleasantville women, hearing that WPA sewing projects which had provided salaries of $57 to $75 a month were being dropped because of lack of funds, laid siege to the City Hall's Council Chamber. They draped themselves over benches, lounged

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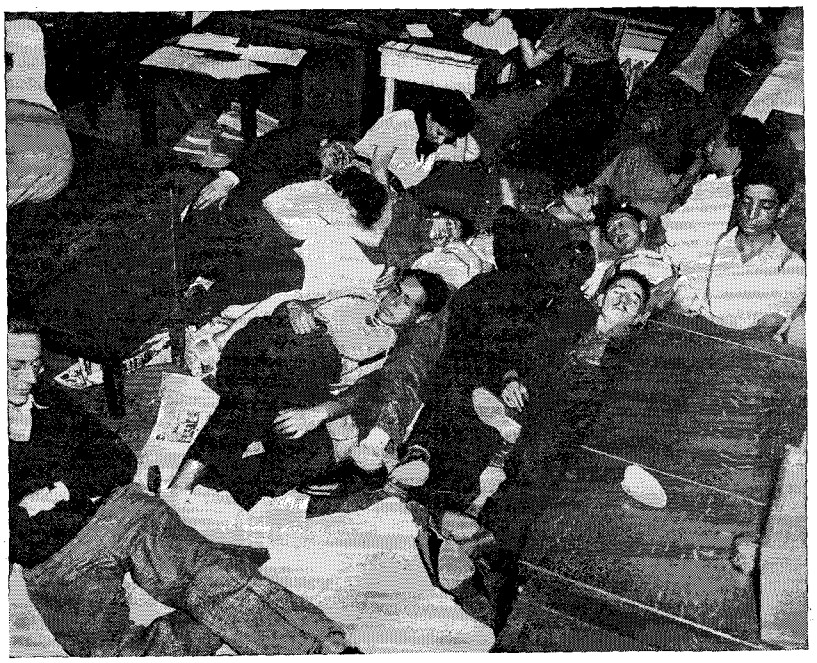
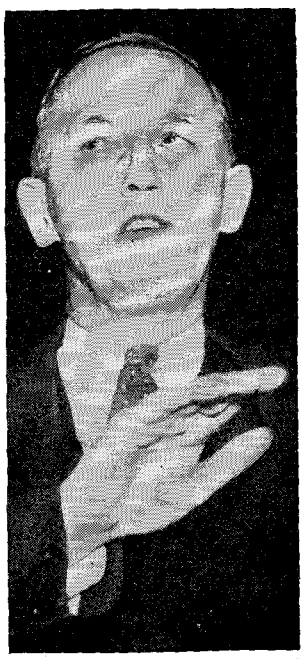


Wide World



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Aubrey Williams ordered drastic cuts . . . New York WPA workers "stayed in" . . . Harry Hopkins promised relief

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in swivel-chairs, and otherwise got in the way of clerks and stenographers.

In New York the protests took more virile form. In one office, 150 WPA art project workers held a "stay-in" strike. Refusing to leave the building to eat, because police had warned them they would not be allowed to return, they staved off hunger by nibbling at ham and bologna sandwiches which friends hoisted up to them wrapped in an American flag. In another building a score of workers bedded down for the night while agents from the Bureau of Investigation hovered near to see that no damage was done to Federal property.

Parade—The protests in New York reached a climax when 2,000 men and women from the city's four "white collar" art projects paraded through the streets for three hours to get public sympathy for their cause.

From the Left-wing *New Republic* they received stanch support. "The drive on the white collar projects is particularly regrettable," said this weekly, "inasmuch as they represent one of the most enlightened aspects of the WPA program. . . . Aside from the benefits to individuals, the WPA Theater Project, the Artists' Project, the Music Project and others have made substantial contributions in advancing the arts themselves, in discovering folk talents and in bringing to the whole people a sense of participation in painting, writing, producing plays and similar activities."

Retorted the conservative New York *Herald Tribune:* "It was inevitable that any attempt at curtailment of the vast work-relief program would bring cries of anguish from those affected—from workers subject to dismissal who had conceived a vested interest in their jobs and from officials in close contact with workers and projects.

"Yet curtailment seems obviously overdue and on a scale bound to intensify the pains of readjustment because during the campaign the process was checked."

Meanwhile Administrator Hopkins had returned from a conference with regional officials in New Orleans and had invited reporters to a press conference to "clarify" the situation. Fifty of them rammed their way into his tiny office.

Questions—Just how many workers would be laid off? Was it true that WPA funds were almost exhausted? When would relief costs begin to drop?

Smiling, pulling steadily at a cigarette, Hopkins refused to lose his temper. Money was low, but there was enough to last through January. About 250,000 farmers would be transferred to Resettlement Administration relief-rolls. Non-relief administrative jobs, that is, administrative work being done by people not drawn from relief lists, would be cut down. A careful review of WPA rolls was being made to determine how many no longer needed help. He could make no estimate of the number that ultimately would be dropped — perhaps 200,000.

To this he added quickly: "I want to make it perfectly clear that no one in the United States is going to be dropped from the WPA who is in need of relief."

As the interview ended, many a veteran reporter scratched his head. Aubrey Williams had said that WPA was being demobilized. Harry Hopkins said it was not. Only one conclusion could be drawn: the President had issued orders to trim the edges of the Works Progress Administration, then had received the frantic plea of the mayors and news of sit-down strikes, and had countermanded his original order. The corollary was equally obvious: when Congress convenes next month and begins thinking about its first deficiency bill, the biggest chunk of any appropriation made will go to the Works Program—as it has for the past three years.

On December 5, WPA pay-rolls held 2,384,202. Since November 7, 198,350 had been lopped off. In the first three weeks, most of these reductions were made in drought areas, transferred to the Resettlement Administration. But from November 28 to December 5, 93,770 were released. Of this number, no figures were available of how many were transferred.

WPA officials estimate another $500,000,000 emergency appropriation from Congress will tide over projects until the end of June. In New York WPA cut-protestants demanded that Congress appropriate another $1,250,000,000 "to guarantee all WPA jobs."

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Industrial Coordinator: Maj. George L. Berry

BETTER LIFE: Labor-Industry Conference Pleases Berry; Manufacturers Pledge Cooperation

"Whatever we have agreed to in the matter of principles has come as the result of unanimous conclusions by the partners —labor, management and the consumer."

The speaker was Maj. George L. Berry, the President's Coordinator for Industrial Cooperation. He beamed, referring to accomplishments of the two-day meeting in Washington of the Council for Industrial Progress.

Throughout the sessions ran the idea of joint action by management, labor and Government for shorter hours, higher wages, ending unemployment, increasing purchasing power and curbs against "chiseling" minorities.

Industrialists and labor leaders agreed on fullest cooperation with the Washington Administration, recommended a revised NRA favorable to "the little man"; amendments to the antitrust laws to make them more workable and a system of Federally-guaranteed loans to small businesses along lines prescribed in the Federal Housing Act for assistance to home-owners.

A drafting committee will attempt to translate these ideas within those limits set up by the Supreme Court. If this is impossible, however, the Council may later discuss Constitution amendments.

Census—Another suggestion will be submitted that the Council be empowered by Executive Order or Act of Congress to take an independent census of the unemployed, check it every five years.

A legislative committee will be appointed to "correlate" all recommendations such as the "antitrust" question. On the one hand, it was urged that antitrust laws be made more effective; on the other, it was implied that participants in the revised NRA would be freed entirely of them.

Despite the cold water that had been thrown on his Industry-Labor Conference, Berry found things went off better than he had hoped.

Such an experience is not new to him, tho he has had plenty of disappointments, many a hard fight. Orphaned at six, he did not learn to read or write until he was sixteen. Printer's devil, pugilist, prospector, he added another "P" by becoming a pressman at twenty-two, and capped it all by rising to the Presidency of the International Pressman's Union.

It was because of his labor leadership that the Administration, in 1933, made him a member of the Labor Advisory Board. Later, President Roosevelt appointed him Industrial Coordinator.

A stocky man with brown eyes and thinning black hair carefully combed over a round, baldish head, he is Chairman of the Council for Industrial Progress. He defined its objectives:

"1. Complete elimination of unemployment from the American scene.

"2. Establishment of a minimum wage in industry, with substantial overtime for hours worked in excess of a reasonable work-week, in order to increase the purchasing power of wage-earners."

Three thousand invitations went out. Present as the meeting opened were labor leaders, headed by William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, and representatives of some trade associations and big manufacturing companies.

Absent, except in an unofficial capacity, were representatives of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and of the powerful oil, steel, textile and automotive industries. Absent also was Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper, who, as head of the Business Advisory Council, is reported to have had friction with Berry's group. Absence of the big industries was attributed partly to their preference to confer with Secretary Roper rather than Major Berry, partly to their attendance at the National Association of Manufacturers' meeting in New York.

Recommendations—Early in the Conference, recommendations were made for economic legislation:

1. The Conference considered it "unwise and ineffective to attempt to solve unemployment by the limitation of production," whether by the Government or through industrial agreements.

2. It advocated the policy of a minimum wage, with a substantial overtime rate.

3. It urged the curbing of unfair trade

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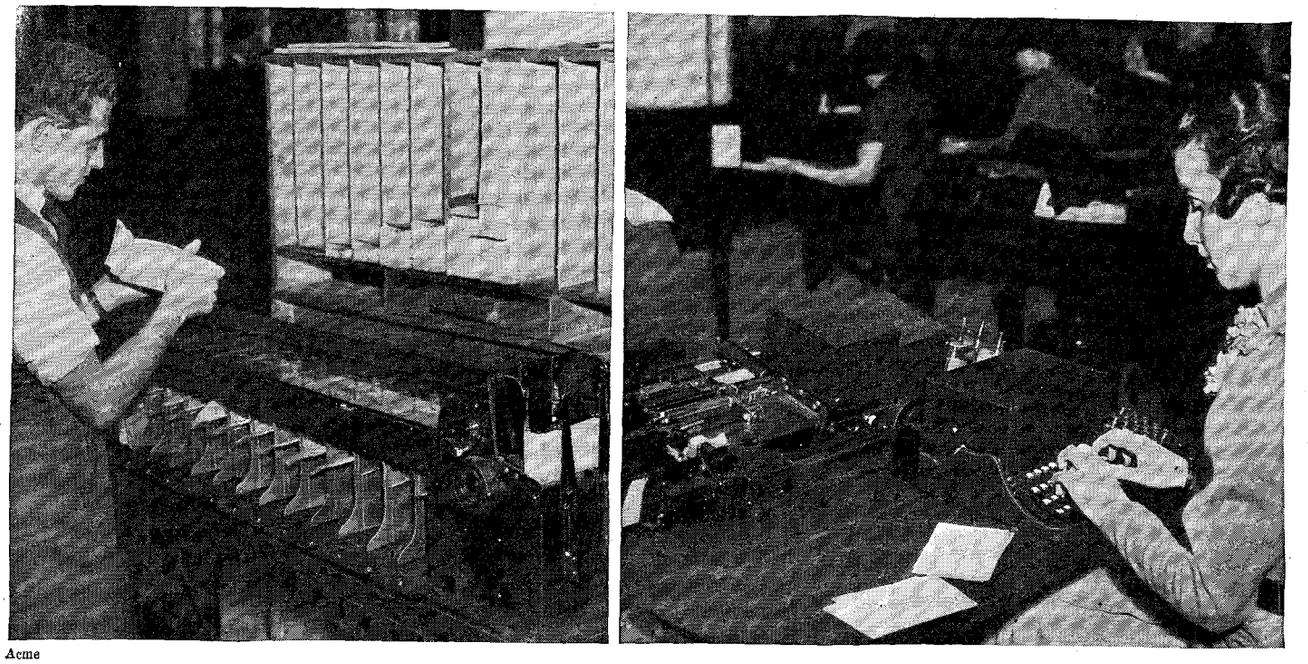

Acme

Social Security machinery goes into action: automatic card-sorters (left) and card-punchers are almost-human robots

practises which "are destructive to the public interest in the maintenance of a free and open market for the sale and distribution of goods."

4. It recommended a continuing study of the national income, facilitated by establishment of a permanent advisory economic council consisting of representatives of labor, industry and the public.

N.A.M.—The same day Major Berry had the satisfaction of reading that the National Association of Manufacturers had voted to cooperate with the Administration.

Last year the key-note of the Association's convention, said the New York *Times*, "was bitter and unrelenting opposition to the Roosevelt Administration."

Last week, the Association did a right-about-face.

Listing the "progressive objectives" of American industry as "better living, better housing, more of the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, steadier work, more certainty of a job and more security for old age," the Association's Declaration of Principles concluded:

"We pledge our cooperation to Government—local, State and National—in the furtherance of those measures which will promote the best interests of the American people.

"Prosperity for a nation depends on productivity and peace. Productivity can be destroyed by internal dissensions, by labor conflicts and by wars. Industry seeks an era of good feeling."

SOCIAL SECURITY: Board, Set Up in Baltimore, Utilizes Robots to List 26,000,000

Name, classify and reward 26,000,000 American workers, as does the Social Security Act, and you have the world's greatest bookkeeping job on your hands. It takes two thousand ordinary filing-cabinets housing 40,000 drawers, to number these millions like War-time soldiers in a peace-time campaign for future well-being.

Thin, orange-tinted cards, 3¼ by 7¼ inches, give their names, birth-dates and heterogeneous, but vital, data as to occupation and employment. Punched cards, looking like chunks of player-piano roll, tell this story.

Structurally, it takes a strong building to bear the weight of tabulating machinery needed to turn garbled statistics from the four corners of forty-eight States and two Territories (Alaska and Hawaii) into data orderly enough for filing.

It takes a strong structure, too, to bear the deadening mass of 2,000 heavy filing-cabinets.

Washington, D. C., already cluttered with New Deal alphabetical agencies, had no room to absorb the complicated set-up of the Social Security Board if first wage-reports for the old-age pension plan were to be posted after July 1, 1937. Baltimore, forty miles away, was prospected for a likely spot.

It was found in the Candler Building, at Pratt Street and Market Place, occupying a whole block on the Baltimore water-front along the Patapsco River. A substantial old red-brick loft structure, it was built by Coca-Cola millions amid warehouses, fish-markets and commission merchants' exchanges.

Flow of Cards—Into the receiving department on the seventh floor pour employees' white SS-5 cards from 1,072 postmasters over 720 regional subdivisions. Receipted for, checked in and recorded, they are stacked in bundles of 1,000.

A leased 120,000 square feet of space (approximately the area of two football gridirons) has been laid out carefully for "straight-line production" technique.

Almost-human robots hum and clack as the cards go through the nine centralized operations of the world's largest filing-system, nerve-center of the Social Security Board's program. There are card-punchers smaller than portable typewriters, seemingly magical separators and intricate computers.

Mistakes are next to impossible with these efficient robots for tabulating, sorting and classifying. Machines do everything but think. It's a good thing, the women operators say, for there's no field for error.

There are 300 alphabetical card-punching machines, world's largest single installation, used in setting up accounts; fifty-five sorting-machines with a combined capacity of 5,000,000 operations daily and fifty-six tabulators capable of handling 1,000,000 cards daily. Each requires a separate electrical connection. This lot of gadgetry has been rented by the Government for the fiscal year ending on July 1, 1937, for $438,000.

As this work week began there were 2,500 workers, picked from Civil Service lists, busy running 500,000 cards through the Security mill every fourteen hours. Split into crews of 1,250 each, they work in two shifts—8 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. and 4 to 11:30 P.M.

Ledgers—Their job now is setting up 26,000,000 ledger accounts. Their next task will be an alphabetical index for those 26,000,000 and this will be followed by a numerical register for the 26,000,000 bees who keep 411 machines droning and 2,500 happy Federal workers, most of whom haven't had a job in months or years, stacking and filing, all at top speed.

Baltimore's merchants are happy, too, for 75 per cent. of the city's new Federal population came from the four corners of the nation.

Swooping down on the Maryland metropolis, they are having a hard time finding homes, for Baltimore is a city of individual residences with housekeeping quarters and bachelor diggings scarcer than real terrapin *à la* Maryland.

But hospitable Baltimoreans will help them find homes until the Social Security Board moves its workers to Washington in, perhaps, two years.

Meanwhile, the new residents, with salaries averaging $115 monthly, make $287,000 available for spending every thirty days.

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VIGILANTES: Women in Phœnix, Arizona, Organize to Fight Vice and Graft

Vigilance Committee, a body of men self-organized for the maintenance of order and the administration of summary justice where regular authority is lacking or is inefficient.—*Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary.*

Women of Phœnix, Arizona, gave that definition a new twist last week by pushing plans for organizing a secret "Women's Investigation Committee of 500" to keep tabs on office-holders and crusade against violations of gambling, liquor and vice laws. To the Southwest, whose old-timers reminisce about the rope-and-gun justice of frontier vigilantes, the thought of "lady vigilantes" brought a jolt.

Formation of such committees by male citizens has been common in American history. The first important one was organized in 1851, in San Francisco. The town was overrun with desperadoes who came with the gold-rush and remained to prey upon the public, robbing, maiming, killing. The law was helpless. Common gossip said the judges were venal, juries bribed, witnesses bought.

Two hundred men organized a Vigilance Committee and policed the town. Within a month four men were arrested, tried and hanged; thirty others were driven out. Quiet followed. But five years later the Committee was revived.

Historic—Similar committees were common in other parts of California, Idaho and Montana, and in the South during the Reconstruction period when vigilantes took action against carpetbaggers and Negroes.

Now comes the Phœnix movement, giving a new turn to an old line: "'Way out West where men are men and women are vigilantes." Articles of incorporation filed by the Committee gave only the names of the three Directors. Names of all other members will be kept secret; they will operate in secrecy and be known only by numbers. Women eighteen years old or more may apply for membership. Eventually the Committee expects to cover the State.

Leading spirit in the movement is Alice M. Birdsall, a spinster of fifty-six, tall, hazel-eyed and with bobbed, gray-streaked hair. A lawyer, she has crusaded for purity in her own profession. In 1915 she became the first woman reporter of decisions of the United States Supreme Court. Other Directors are Mrs. Louise A. Moore, wife of a Phœnix banker and active in Democratic politics and women's clubs, and Mrs. Kate Yunger.

Setting forth its aims as the promotion of public welfare, the aiding of law-enforcement, prevention of crime and furtherance of American principles of decency and good government, the Committee plans:

"The securing, compiling and classifying of information . . . concerning matters of civil and governmental importance, and especially the habits, conduct and acts of persons connected with government and public offices, city, county, State and Federal, and of all public officials."

Comment—State-house circles in Phœnix tried to laugh the whole thing off. "A joke" was the consensus, but even the most outspoken officials would not publicly assail the organization. Similarly with women office-holders. "Busybodies who should keep their noses out of things they know nothing about," was the refrain of their comment, but they, too, did not want to be quoted.

Arizona papers have not had much to say about the vigilantes. But one, the Tucson *Daily Citizen,* warns:

"Secret political societies are contrary to democratic ideals and membership in them nearly always involves their members in discredit and tragedy. Purity of motive is no protection."

STERILIZATION: Ann Hewitt Brings Her Mother to Trial on Conspiracy Charge

The daughter - *versus* - mother drama, known to newspaper readers the world over as the Hewitt sterilization case, neared its climax last week when the scene was set for trial of Mrs. Maryon Cooper Hewitt on a charge of conspiracy to commit mayhem.

Act I of the drama opened last January when twenty-one-year-old Ann Cooper Hewitt, heiress to her father's millions, filed a half-million-dollar damage suit in San Francisco against her mother and two surgeons. Her charges: a psychiatrist consulted by her mother had classed Ann as a moron with a mental age of eleven, whereas she actually was of normal intelligence. On this basis, her mother ordered her sterilized at the same time her appendix was removed. Two doctors performed the operation.

Will—To Ann and her children, her father had willed two-thirds of his fortune, estimated at between $1,500,000 and $10,000,000; if she died childless, income from the estate was to go to her mother. Daughter accused mother of plotting to end the line of heirs.

Act II was staged in New Jersey. There Mrs. Hewitt was charged with attempted suicide and with being a fugitive from justice in California. For months she was in a hospital.

Act III carried the action back to San Francisco, last August, when the two doctors went on trial on charges of mayhem. They were exonerated, the court dismissing the charges on the ground that the State had failed to establish a case.

© International

Ann Cooper Hewitt: brings her mother to trial

Act IV brought the spotlight back to New Jersey, last week. The Governor, dark-haired Harold G. Hoffman, granted California's request for the extradition of Mrs. Hewitt. He found her "substantially charged with crime against the laws of California."

Sterilization—Her daughter's suit evoked public interest in sterilization, kicked up a controversy among scientists over the possibility of improving the race by preventing defectives from reproducing. Science is widely split on the effectiveness of sterilization; the Catholic Church denounces it.

To most, the word sterilization evokes thoughts of the Third Reich under Adolf Hitler. They recall that Germany pushed through a drastic sterilization law in 1934, in the Nazi drive for "race purification," and that the disciples of Jew-hating Julius Streicher, Paul Joseph Goebbels, *et al,* forced more than 60,000 persons to undergo operations in the first eighteen months of the "experiment."

Fewer persons know that twenty-eight of the United States have sterilization laws, most of them enforced; and that, to date, more than 23,000 of the nation's insane and feeble-minded have been sterilized—more than half of them women.

Indiana set the pace, drawing up a law in 1907.

Singularly enough, California, scene of the Hewitt case, has been the conspicuous leader in America's unspectacular but unrelenting sterilization drive. Up to the first of this year, 10,801 persons had submitted to operations in the Golden State.

FOREST FIRES: Pacific Coast States Suffer Heavy Losses From Raging Timber Blazes

Forest fires whipping through Oregon and Washington in the maw of a forty- to fifty-mile gale kept more than 1,000 weary ranchers, rangers and CCC boys from their Thanksgiving dinners.

In California, not a week later, seven northern counties flared up in a most spectacular blaze ravaging 40,000 acres in the famed Valley of the Moon.

Last week, with fires still smoldering but definitely under control, the Forestry Service of the Department of Agriculture wiped its perspiring brow and relaxed vigilance long enough to compute the damage.

Loss—Official figures coldly revealed that a total of 2,509 acres of national forest had been fired in the three States since November 1, 1936. The Government loss was $6,860. This was trivial compared to the huge private losses. In three southwestern Washington counties (Skamania, Clarke and Cowlitz) 20,000 acres of valuable farm and timber land were destroyed; 5,000 acres were blackened in western Oregon in one week.

Fires menacing the dairy farms between the Wilson and Trask Rivers in Oregon's Tillamook County were luckily brought under control before they could do serious damage. Little merchantable timber was destroyed, but inestimable damage was done to young trees. Vast areas of young

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firs were denuded. Unofficial estimates placed the fire over 30,000 acres in Oregon and Washington alone.

More statistics from the Forestry Service showed that 439,632 acres of national forest have been burned over this year in the three Pacific Coast States. The loss has amounted to $764,998. This was a sizable increase over 1935, when 178,133 acres were fired. The jump was attributed to extensive drought conditions.

Drought—Last big drought year, 1933, brought to Oregon one of the worst fires in history. Now remembered as the Wilson River fire, it is illustrative of how these blazes start and progress.

The woods were abnormally dry and a strong east wind was blowing when fire from friction of a steel cable passing around a stump ignited a dry slash near-by. It was discovered and attacked almost immediately by the logging crew, but the high winds fanned it out of their control. By the second day, 600 men were on the fire line. In eleven days, the fire roared over 267,000 acres, mostly virgin timber. The total estimated damage was $350,000,000. Some 3,000 men fought it, including hundreds of CCC boys; many of them fresh from city streets. One of the boys was killed and scores were injured.

To prevent repetition of such fires, the Forestry Service must be constantly on guard. Chief cause of fires is lightning. Electrical storms usually bring one or two small fires which are quickly brought under control due to the vigilance of some ranger.

Next most important cause of fire is smokers dropping lighted cigars or cigarettes. They may smolder for days in the dry forest bed before igniting a dry stump or patch of brush. All national forests are placarded with warnings to these people.

CCC Help—The Forestry Service gives much credit to the Civilian Conservation Corps for keeping the fire rate as low as it is. Without exception, they were willing and anxious to go to fires at any time. They were more efficient than labor crews picked up in neighboring towns.

The fire rate will go even lower when present plans are fulfilled. The means of forecasting and determining fire-danger conditions are being refined. Small groups of trained fire-fighters are being located at strategic points. Experiments are being made with aerial control; dropping water and chemicals from above.

With the coming of rain, snow and cold weather, the present forest-fire season appears, happily, to be over. The loss to the entire nation has not yet been estimated, but the average is high. Americans pay $50,000,000 annually for their forest fires: many of them due to negligence or malice.

DESSERTS: Apple-Pie the Great American Favorite, With Ice-Cream Second

What pleases America's sweet tooth?

Eager to determine the nation's preference in desserts, *Hotel Management* queried fifty-six hotels in thirty-four cities scattered throughout the country.

Twenty-five candidates were returned, but of these only two had more than one vote; apple-pie, with twenty-five defenders: ice-cream, with eight.

Trailing the favorites were seven other pies: black bottom, black top cream, blueberry, Boston cream, cocoanut custard, lemon chiffon, and Louisiana pecan.

Also represented were chocolate layer-cake, fruit-salad, rice-pudding, Statler fudge, Pirolle French pastry, almond *soufflé* whip, apple-strudel, *Coupé Rose-Marie*, devil's-food cake, varied French pastry, frozen macaroon mint-ball, home-made cake, Napoleon, and pie or cake *à la mode*.

From the Los Angeles *Times* came a further report: "Recent survey by our Home Service Department reveals apple-pie is overwhelming favorite in all classes of restaurants."

Midwest—Chicago is another ardent supporter of apple-pie, aided and abetted by a generous chunk of cheese. Frozen desserts and cherry-pie are runners-up, with pumpkin-pie, butterscotch-pie, devil's-food cake, baked apples, cream-puffs, chocolate-éclairs, Boston cream-pie, Fruit Bettys (bread-pudding), tapioca-puddings, fruit-whips, ice-box cake, steamed puddings, gelatin desserts and fruit shortcakes also in the running. Mrs. Edgar Rombauer, author of "The Joy of Cooking," holds that desserts with a gelatin base are home favorites in St. Louis. Apple-pies lead in popular cafeterias, divide honors with vanilla ice-cream in leading restaurants.

One national chain of restaurants serves 1,850,121 portions of apple-pie yearly, uses 450 tons of apples. The favorite bows only in July, when fresh peach and huckleberry-pie or blueberry-pudding jump into the lead, or whenever fresh-baked apricot-roll appears on the menu.

At one of the New York restaurants of this chain, an old man has arrived punctually every noon since the opening twenty-seven years ago, ordered apple-pie. Employees estimate he has eaten about 8,000 portions, 1,000 pies, 3,000 pounds, or one and a half tons of apple-pie during this period.

Statesmen—With foreign diplomats most particular about their food, Washington hostesses find apple-pie an easy "topper-offer" for international dinners. Vice President Garner enjoys a variety of pies; Secretary of State Hull, Senator Copeland and J. Edgar Hoover prefer fruit. Apple-pie devotees include "Jim" Farley, Secretary of Commerce Roper, Senator Guffey and Senator Carter Glass.

Secretary of the Interior Ickes, Senator Borah and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace take to vanilla ice-cream, as does Attorney General Cummings (only he prefers his inundated with chocolate-sauce). Senator Wheeler orders pumpkin-pie with raisins, while Secretary of War Woodring thinks nothing finer than chocolate-*soufflé*.

Entertainers—Frank W. Bering, of the Sherman Hotel in Chicago, has observed stage and screen celebrities for years choosing desserts.

Kay Francis likes cherries *flambé;* Eddie Cantor ogles *crêpes Suzettes;* "Amos and Andy" (Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden) order plum-pudding and brandy; Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd enjoy tapioca, custard and whipped-cream variations; Phil Baker knows his *café brulée;* Beatrice Lillie takes *baba au rhum;* Leslie Howard falls for kumquats in cognac.

The late Will Rogers preferred especially made apple-pie with raisins, orange-peel, cinnamon and a large slice of American cheese.

Eating desserts at an altitude of 1,000 feet will be tested next year by Amelia Earhart Putnam. She wishes to determine if certain foods, cherry-pie in particular, are harmful at high levels.

LONE WOLF: Stefansson Debunks Stories of Marauders Traveling in Packs

Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?

Winter setting in, hearth fires blazing, howling winds outside, livelier imaginations turn to figures lurking behind trees, strange creatures in the dark.

Just as the horrendous sea monster and his jitters-making is a summer staple of the

Courtesy General Foods Corp.

It may be tapioca for Stoopnagle and Budd but there must be quantity and variations

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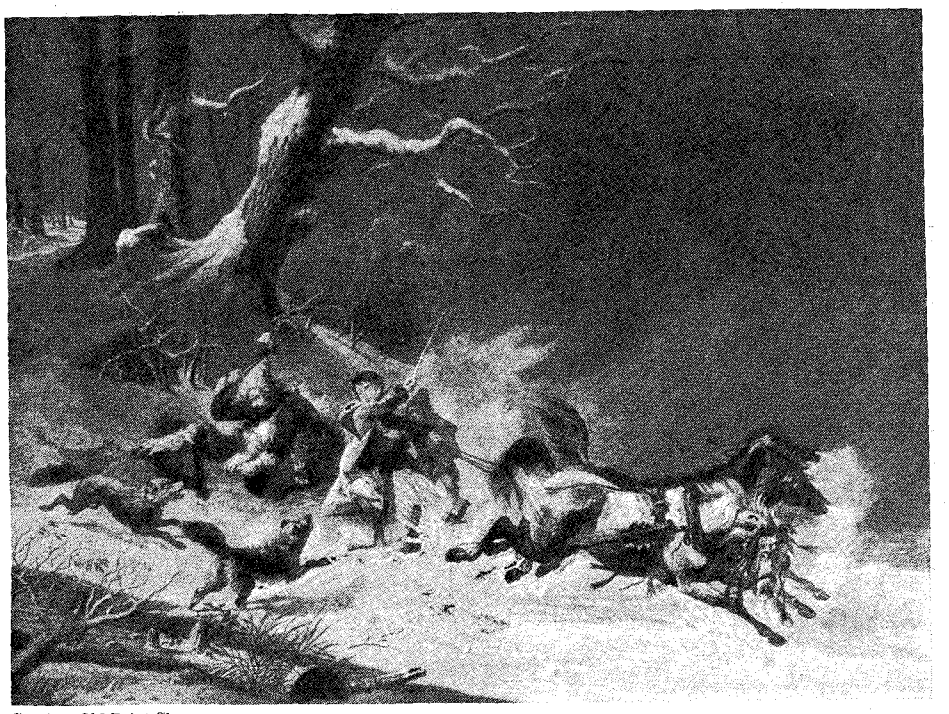

Courtesy Old Print Shop

The wolf-pack yarns of yesterday are being debunked by scientists to-day

press, the wolf has been a sure-fire bet for a winter yarn.

But the wolf of fiction, prowling the world in packs, a predatory terror to man and beast alike, has been subjected to some fancy investigating of late by scientists, explorers, biologists. Quietly, painstakingly, they have investigated the "wolf yarns" of the past few years, debunked them.

Debunker—Principal scoffer at wolf fables is Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer. In his new book "Adventures in Error," Stefansson devotes eighty-six pages to proving wolves never travel in packs of hundreds, seldom attack human beings.

Stories with gory headlines such as: "CAUCASUS WOLVES BOMBED FROM AIRPLANE; HUNGRY PACKS INVADE TOWNS, KILLING PEASANTS," or "WOLVES KILL GIRL IN FINLAND; INVADE VILLAGES FOR FOOD," have long fascinated the explorer.

In every instance, he has written to the source, found the stories without foundation.

Nearer home, he checked on a report that wolves were invading Chicago suburbs. Leroy Davidson, former Chief of the Cook County Highway Police, cleared it up:

"Wolves—bah! Last summer there was a camp of Campfire Girls in the forest preserve. They had three dogs. . . . When the girls broke camp, they left the dogs behind. I also had an airedale. He ran away and joined the other three. These four dogs are the pack of wolves that are causing all the commotion."

Coyotes—In Alaska, nevertheless, Government officials are becoming increasingly alarmed over the infestation of the coyote. Traveling in packs of fifteen or twenty, they are proving a serious menace to the territory. In one instance, they reduced a herd of reindeer from 14,000 to 2,000 head.

Appropriations are being sought in Washington to control the predatory animals in Alaska more completely than in the past few years. Several weeks ago, employing an old Eskimo ruse, natives of Barrow turned back packs which have been stampeding reindeer.

Chunks of frozen tallow were left for the animals to snap up. Inside each chunk was a six-inch piece of whalebone, sharpened to needle-point. When the tallow melts, the whalebone springs open, kills the coyotes.

Last week, an expert trapper was hired by the Bureau of Biological Survey to teach Alaskan natives how best to catch wolves and coyotes.

Game Laws—A number of State Commissions have suspended game laws on certain animals for brief shooting-periods because of excess numbers of the animals. In Texas, hunters killed more than 875 wolves in the eastern section; this year, extra hunters are employed to reduce the number. It is estimated that it will require another two years before these red wolves will be reduced to where their depredations will be under control.

Fact is, 1936 has been an open season on many an animal.

The Montana State Game Commission has allowed shooting of antelopes for a short season; similar action was taken in New Mexico and Nevada; private buffalo shooting has been allowed in Wyoming. In Tennessee, wild Prussian boars were the object of a large hunt in the Cherokee National Forest. These animals, greatly increased in numbers during recent years, are also hunted in North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia.

Freaks—From various States have emanated reports of animals infrequently found in the localities. Maine has reported a bear plague near Greenville; moose have been sighted in northern New York and Michigan; a fourteen-pound red fox was shot near Java Village, New York; Mountain lions (cougars) have been glimpsed within Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado.

Curiosities from the animal kingdom this winter include a 700-pound black bear which wouldn't let William L. Mohr drive his car through a road in upper New York State, other members of the same family who have been breaking up newly painted wood signs in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

One five-prong buck deer invaded Elgin, Illinois, and frightened by the traffic in the business district, crashed through the show-window of a shoe store.

In addition to wolf stories, Stefansson once amused himself by collecting the biennial yarns about eagles carrying babies away. These, he maintains, have been discontinued of late. From Georgia, last week, however, came the story of an eagle caught as he was trying to carry away a forty-pound pig in a spectacular "air raid."

SIX-YEAR TERM: Burke to Press for Amendment Including Presidential Reelection Ban

"A teacher who leaves after one term always leaves with a black eye. People think he couldn't cut the mustard."

Edward R. Burke paid heed to that piece of advice many years ago, and remained another term as teacher in a Nebraska academy before entering Harvard, the law, and eventually the United States Senate.

He recalled it often in later life as he watched Presidents sweating and straining for reelection lest posterity classify them as mediocrities, too weak to win second terms. The very phrase "one-term President," he noted, had come to be a phrase of derision. Hence, Presidents tended to be predominantly politicians during their first terms, statesmen during their second.

Senator Burke's answer to that situation is that the Constitution should be amended; that the term of the President should be set as six years, with reelection forbidden.

It is easier to suggest than to do. All told, nearly 4,000 amendments have been considered by Congress—the last Congress considered ninety-four of them—and only twenty-one have found their way into the Constitution.

Fighter—But Senator Burke is a persistent man and a steady one. Square-jawed, with cool, blue-gray eyes, he has been pushing quietly but persistently toward his objectives almost since the day he was born, at Running Water, South Dakota, the son of a railroad section foreman. His proposed amendment, moreover, is sure to have strong support in Congress. Senator Clark, of Missouri, nemesis of the ancient two-thirds rule for Democratic Presidential nominations, has already declared for the Burke amendment. Senator Norris, of Nebraska, probably will plug for it if it calls for abolition of the Electoral College, as it is expected to do. Others will follow suit.

The strength of the idea is best indicated by its regular recurrence. At one time, most of the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 favored a single seven-year term for Presidents. Since then, it has bobbed up scores of times. Its champions declare that it would (1) take politics out of the Presidency; (2) spare the President from campaigns of vilification and thus exalt his office; (3) give him ample time to carry out his program, encouraging him to buckle down to it at the start and freeing him from fears of political consequences.

The principal arguments against it are (1) Presidents ought to be at least as responsive to public opinion as they are now, when they come up for reelection after four years; (2) a single term gives a President no incentive to do his best and see it approved by the public; (3) the Constitution ought not to be tampered with.

The third hurdle is the highest and hardest.

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Topics in Brief

PHYSICIANS advise folks to lie on the right side. Yes, if you must lie, always lie on the right side.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

WE SORT of had Doctor Tugwell lined up for the task of rehabilitating Spain, where a few preliminary miscalculations wouldn't show, much.—*Barron's.*

CAMELS have been barred from some of the streets of Palestine because they slow up traffic. What we need in America is camels.—*American Lumberman.*

ANOTHER GROUP wondering what to do about the new leisure, probably, is Spain's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Bulls.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

THOSE AMERICANS who have chosen to remain in Madrid until the war ends ought to understand that they can't earn pensions that way.—*Dallas Morning News.*

"THIRTY THOUSAND CATTLE passed in review before Mussolini in one day at Bologna." This puts it up to Hitler to give a frankfurter parade.—*Toledo Blade.*

NOT ONLY in the arms industry are things humming abroad. The chancelleries are sitting up nights blunting refusals and sharpening rejoinders.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

WINDOW FLOWER-BOXES have appeared on some trailer-homes, thus making it possible to introduce new insect pests simultaneously into forty-eight States.—*Auburn (N. Y.) Citizen-Advertiser.*

WHEN J. P. Morgan was asked what he thought about the European situation, he replied, "I don't think." In England, when they catch a man like that, they make him Foreign Secretary.—*The New Yorker.*

Columnists' Corner

It is said that Mr. Stanley Baldwin is a great reader, but there is no foundation for the rumor that he sent Mrs. Wallis Simpson a copy of "Live Alone and Like It."—F. P. A. in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

In view of his interest in sponsoring war, Sir Basil Zaharoff might have left part of his fortune to sponsoring another stork derby.—Clyde Moore in the *Ohio State Journal.*

Eddie Garr was in the Plaza Drug Store when a kid rushed in and told the clerk he wanted some cement and liniment quick. "What's the trouble?" asked the clerk. "The old lady crowned the old man with a plate!" replied the kid.—W. S. (Bill) Farnsworth in New York *Evening Journal.*

Add similes: She was dizzier than a radiophoto of a mob scene.—H. I. Phillips in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

A scientist says no other age had such torturing noises. Brother, did you ever hear the third grade writing on slates?—Robert Quillen in the *Publishers Syndicate.*

PENNSYLVANIA'S GOVERNOR is named Earle and the coal industry is convinced that he is no 'count.—*Dallas Morning News.*

A SCIENCE NOTE says that brook trout lose 2.6 per cent. of their length in death. There is a fisherman's alibi that is an alibi. —*Detroit Free Press.*

YOU CAN TELL when a woman isn't afraid of her husband. She doesn't mind showing him the fender she crushed on his new car.—*Atlanta Georgian.*

THE G.O.P.'S FUTURE is a matter of concern to the thoughtful. Some see it going the way of the Whigs, but there is always the hope that Life Begins in '40.—*Barron's.*

SEVERAL able observers see no chance of war in Europe. Others have more faith. They believe some kind of misunderstanding can be worked out.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IT WAS only fair of British labor to indorse the proposed marriage of the King and Mrs. Simpson. She certainly has demonstrated her belief in unions.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A HOLLYWOOD actress's life is not so simple, after all. It seems she has to sit through every picture she makes at least three times.—*Winona (Minn.) Republican-Herald.*

THE FRENCH CABINET, we gather from the Paris dispatches, faces such a hard winter that Parisians doubt whether it will Blum in the spring.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

MANY of us believe that half the students in American universities are paid salaries to play football, and the other half spend all day out of the classroom fomenting Communism.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

A MILWAUKEE jeweler suggests that a badge be given a person when he pays his taxes. In a way, the idea has merit, but after a taxpayer paid his taxes, what would he have left to pin the badge to?—*Washington Post.*

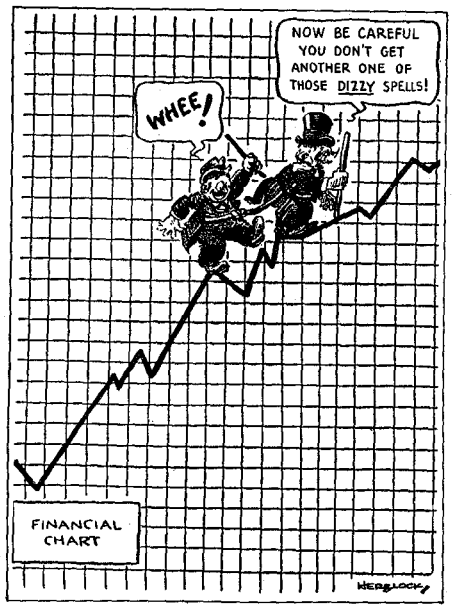
GERMANS are ordered to tighten their belts for a "four-year plan" to build up the nation. Reversing the advertising slogan, "Eat and grow thin," the Germans are asked to "Starve and grow fat."—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

ACCORDING to the *Ohio State Journal*, a New York minister says that when you think the sermon dull it is because your liver is torpid, and as golf was invented to relieve torpid liver, what does the parson suggest?—*Louisville Times.*

THE New York Board of Trade has asked for recognition of a national emergency in the East Coast maritime strike.

Head-line in the New York *Times:* No Crisis in East, Shipowners Insist.

Come, boys, who's calling signals, anyway?—*Federated Press.*



GETTING UP INTO THE HIGHER ALTITUDES AGAIN
—Herblock in Jackson (Miss.) Daily News

A BOOK attacking Mussolini can't be sold in Italy. Old Benito won't let the author make a lire out of him.—*Idaho Statesman.*

"ALL PERSONS who take cold shower baths in the morning are fools!" declares a physician. Oh, no, doc; not all. Most of them are merely liars.—*Atlanta Journal.*

A MAGAZINE success-story describes a girl who never went to school and writes Hollywood scenarios. But why expose the tricks of the trade?—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

ACCORDING to the way an American thinks, if he can't save any money it isn't because he's spending too much, but because he isn't making enough.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

LILY PONS is said to have struck the highest note ever recorded by a soprano. We believe Bing Crosby can reach down and get the lowest.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

THINGS GROW more complex all the time. A Massachusetts court rules that a woman on roller-skates is a vehicle, and in Indiana a man is going to law to find out if a trailer is an automotive accessory or a house.—*Atlanta Journal.*

WE PATRIOTS resent the insinuation that the Supreme Court followed the election returns in its decision on unemployment insurance. Surely the venerable Justices have not heard about that affair already. —*The New Yorker.*

A RECENT PRODUCTION of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" proved a flop in Gotham. The backers were greatly disappointed, since preliminary tryouts of the show indicated the author might possibly have a hit.—*Springfield Union.*

A CALIFORNIA WOMAN, who is seeking a divorce, declares that her friends dropped her because her husband persisted in dropping in on their afternoon bridge club and making "catty remarks." It couldn't be, of course, that some of the girls objected to this outside competition. —*Boston Herald.*

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CLIMATE AND WEATHER RULE HEALTH

Research Experts Discover New Truths, Upset Popular Notions

"If I could only find the right climate," says the sufferer, "I am sure it would cure my arthritis."

For arthritis, one may substitute the whole decalog of ailments to which the human body is subject, and have a fairly adequate picture of humanity's widespread faith in the curative properties of climate.

Two weeks ago, Lord Beaverbrook, noted British publisher, came to this country to alleviate his asthma in Arizona (but departed hastily to direct his papers in the Simpson crisis); the great ones of Hollywood migrate to Palm Springs; President Roosevelt annually visits the Foundation at Warm Springs, Georgia. Thousands of lesser-knowns depart every day for Denver, New Mexico, West Virginia—all spas and health resorts scattered through the country.

Medical science has long recognized the therapeutic value of climate, but denies that it is a cure for specific diseases. Now come reports of researches into the effects of weather on health which upset many popular notions, indicating that an individual is to a considerable extent what the climate makes him—predisposed to certain diseases, naturally immune to others.

The weather before a man's birth, it appears, may determine whether he is a genius or an ordinary citizen. Brainstorms, inclinations to suicide, may be blamed upon a falling barometer. Even the depression and stock market activity exhibit a definite relationship to climatic cycles. Growth and physical stature also are modified by climate.

Expert—No. 1 researcher in this field is Dr. Clarence A. Mills, Professor of Experimental Medicine at the University of Cincinnati. He classifies climate into two master types: Regions of moist heat with few storms; temperate climates where thermometer fluctuations are swift, frequent and extreme. The first type stimulates the body but slightly, is rated low in climatic vigor; the second possesses high climatic drive.

A highly stimulating climate drives the body relentlessly, keeps it racing at top speed so that breakdowns in metabolism are frequent. Diabetes, pernicious anemia, toxic goiters are typical diseases resulting. Southerners rarely have diabetes in troublesome form; northerners with diabetes usually find their symptoms relieved when they migrate to a milder climate.

General conclusions which may be drawn from the researches of Doctor Mills embrace such points as these: Diabetics are usually benefited by going to a less stimulating climate. Rheumatoid arthritis patients find the climate of the Southwest or Caribbean region particularly suited to their ailment. Elderly people and those with low cardiac reserve will be benefited by going to warm, moist regions where the climate produces a drop in blood pressure.

Migrants—Southerners migrating to the North are particularly subject to nervous exhaustion, arteriosclerosis, diabetes, tuberculosis. Tendencies to homicide and melancholia increase as the thermometer falls; a sojourn in the tropics invariably results in a decrease in blood pressure, relieves nervous tension.

Pictures, Inc.

The child of the tropics matures slowly

There is no perfect climate for all people, all the time. For most people, most of the time, the most satisfactory climate should include: Frequent moderate weather changes, a reasonable amount of cold, refreshing variety of cloudiness, fairly marked annual variations in temperature and sufficient rainfall.

Is there any ideal climate for long-continued human existence? Doctor Mills believes that the highlands of the Andes Mountains, where temperatures remain at all times within the human *optimum*, provide the type of climate best adapted for centuries of racial existence.

Significantly enough, the ideal climate is not tropical. In fact Doctor Mills ruthlessly disposes of the belief of the man in the street that maidens of warm, sultry climates reach maturity earlier than their sisters of the North. The Hawaiian *hula* girl, languishing beneath unstimulating tropic skies, reaches puberty two years later than the schoolgirl of Minnesota, he says. All the processes of physical development are slowed by a warm, humid environment; fertility is reduced, vitality lowered.

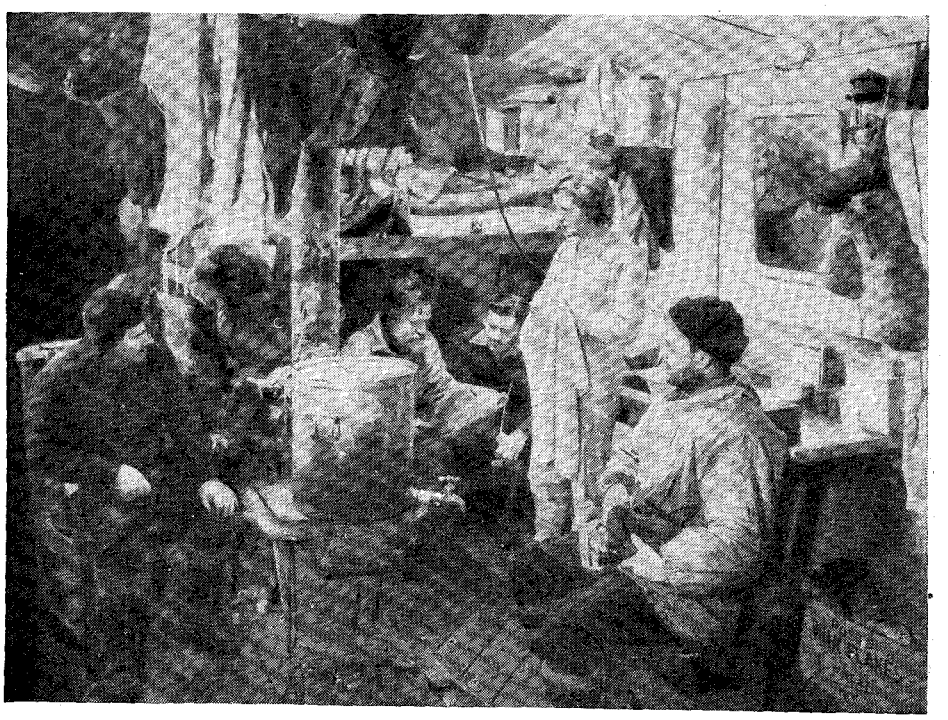
Tropics—It is, in fact, dangerous for a man from a temperate climate to live in the tropics for a longer period than two years, according to Dr. Cecil K. Drinker, Harvard physiologist. If you must live in the tropics, climb on the water-wagon, he advises; shun alcohol, get adequate sleep, simple food, plenty of water, plenty of salt. Basal metabolism changes, will power weakens, laziness follows and sometimes vicious habits develop, Doctor Drinker warns.

Best outdoor temperature range for human efficiency, Doctor Mills says, is 40 to 60 degrees. Weather continuously above 60 degrees tends to a let-down in energy; below 40 degrees, to continued exhaustion.

Admiral Byrd at Little America in the antarctic recorded temperatures of 80 degrees below zero, learned that extreme, unremitting cold dulls and benumbs the human mind and body. Men of the expedition enjoyed continued good health, but when the temperature reached extreme low levels, they sensibly sought the protection of their huts.

Genius—Weather even predetermines genius, madness and mediocrity, according to Dr. W. F. Petersen, of the University of Illinois College of Medicine.

Doctor Petersen's thesis is that the weather conditions prevailing during the first months of uterine existence of the unborn child exert an influence on the subsequent health and success of the individual. The changeableness of the weather in winter and spring conceptions affects the



Eighty below zero . . . men of Byrd's Expedition sought the protection of their huts

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mother's blood pressure, tension of muscles and tissues in all organs of the body, he says. The child in the uterus is therefore subject to these turbulent conditions, which tend to produce abnormal individuals—genius in one direction, insanity in the other.

Thus, if your birthday falls in the spring, the chances are better than average that you will become famous. If you can't be born in the spring, choose October, November or December. This first easy lesson in how to become famous arises from a study of biographies in "Who's Who" and "American Men of Science," which reveal a preponderance of famous Americans born in the lucky months of the year.

Weather and climate, affecting every human being directly and unremittingly, naturally has been the source of many superstitions. Almost any community has its individual with rheumatism, or who has suffered injuries to the joints, who claims to predict weather changes by sensations in bones. Strangely enough, this ability, long laughed at by skeptics, appears to have a basis of scientific fact. Careful investigations indicate that weather conditions have a definite influence on such rule-of-thumb prophets, a shift in barometric pressure bringing definite changes in the blood and tissues of the joints.

But these weather superstitions are untrue: That two full moons in one month will cause a flood; that lightning flashes in a zigzag track (it actually traces a path more like the curving course of a river on a map); that six weeks more of winter are in store if the groundhog sees his shadow on February 2; that thunder is caused by air rushing in to fill a vacuum (thunder is actually an explosion).

SHRINKING MAN: Victim of Rare Disease, Osteomalacia, Loses Ten Inches in Stature

Thirteen years ago, Hans Nelson, of Minneapolis, was a strapping 190-pounder standing 5 feet, 10½ inches in his stocking feet. Then, for some unknown reason, four tiny glands in Nelson's neck burst out of control, entered upon a wild, uncontrolled orgy of activity which produced astonishing results: Hans Nelson's skeleton began to shrivel. He became known as the "shrinking man."

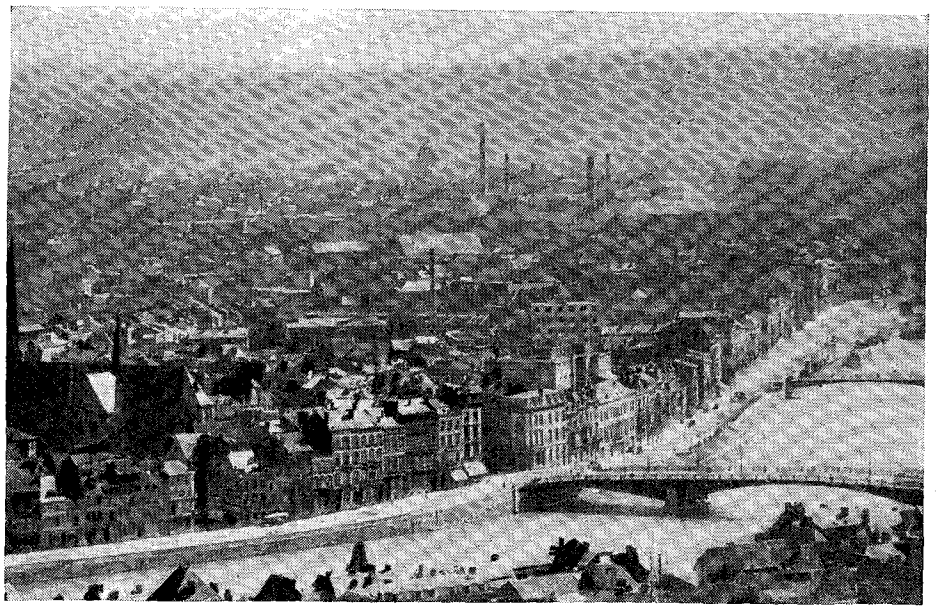
Last week, Hans Nelson was 5 feet tall, weighed 155 pounds. In thirteen years, four glands, each about the size of a grain of wheat, had sheared 10½ inches from Nelson's stature, had actually shriveled his skeleton almost an inch a year.

Physicians at the University of Minnesota Hospital, where Nelson first reported a year ago, diagnosed his strange ailment as *osteomalacia*. Its cause: too vigorous activity of the parathyroid glands. These ductless glands, in some way not fully understood, act as custodians of the supply of lime in the blood. Nelson's obstreperous parathyroids impaired the calcium deposits in his bones, softened his skeleton until it began to shrink like a jack-in-the-box compressed by a closing cover. With his loss of stature came symptoms of continual fatigue, loss of weight and strength.

Foods—A dietary treatment was prescribed for the rare malady. Patient Nelson was restricted to a regimen of fruits, vegetables, animal proteins, milk, plus vitamin D in the form of cod-liver oil. Thriving cheerfully under this treatment, Nelson last week had regained fifteen of his lost pounds, said he "felt great," was able to drive his car and hoped to return to work. His physicians think it unlikely that he will shrink any more. But Nelson, fifty-two, will not regain his lost 10½ inches of stature.

Most laymen can claim a speaking acquaintance with the thyroid gland, probably the best known gland of internal secretion. Its enlargement produces the familiar goiter. The thyroid sits astride the neck, above the windpipe, pours a hormone (exciter) into the blood which regulates the body's energy production. Sometimes embedded in the twin maroon lobes of the thyroid, sometimes just behind the thyroid on the windpipe, are the parathyroid glands, four in number, the size of rice grains. Early anatomists overlooked them entirely or assumed them to be part of the mighty thyroid.

Wasting—Small but all-powerful, the parathyroids are vitally important to the body's well-being, as Hans Nelson and other osteomalacians well know. Remove the parathyroids and the body begins to lose lime. The bones become soft, hair falls out, nails become brittle and there is general wasting which ends with the death of the patient. Supplying lime directly, particularly by injection into the blood stream, relieves the symptoms. The parathyroids also seem necessary to steady muscles and nerves; when they are removed, excitability increases tremendously, the slightest stimulus brings jumpy spasms.



Wide World

Liége, Belgium, the scene of the most famous poison fog mystery

POISON FOG: Natural Solution Found for Latest of "Fantastic" Visitations

Residents of a four-block area in South Philadelphia awakened last week choking in their beds. A clammy poison fog seeping in from the street brought nausea and unconsciousness to its victims, sent thirteen residents to a hospital seriously ill. Terrified residents jammed the neighborhood drug stores, spreading rumors that a mysterious poison gas was responsible.

Then, abruptly, the mystery vanished. Workmen discovered that the poison was ordinary illuminating gas escaping from a leaky main, held close to earth by the thick fog.

Thus the Philadelphia poison fog scare followed a pattern which repeats itself periodically in newspaper accounts. Frequently heralded as scientific mysteries, most such cases involve no mystery at all, result merely from a fortuitous combination of natural circumstances.

Most famous case of the sort was the Belgian poison fog mystery of 1930. Early in December of that year, a heavy yellow fog settled over the Meuse Valley near Liége, Belgium. There the fog burned the lungs of those who breathed it, had a pungent scent; victims choked as if stricken by asthma. Seventy victims died, 300 were ill.

Guesses—Numerous and fantastic were the solutions advanced for the visitation: The mysterious death gas came from a comet's tail. It was a new form of influenza. It came from quantities of poison gas hidden during the World War. The poison gas was a form of star-dust.

The basis of the mystery collapsed when the cause of the deaths was traced to the twenty-mile industrial area between Liége and Huy.

Sixty industrial plants poured sulfur dioxid, hydrofluoric acid, small quantities of arsenic fumes into the air. The deadly fumes which normally would dissipate themselves were imprisoned in the fog, breathed by susceptible victims.

A scientific mystery from Colorado also was solved last week. Since 1931, when a herder took 200 sheep into a valley southwest of Pueblo and found all but three dead the next morning, Suicide Gulch has been avoided by man. John T. Miller of the U. S. Department of Agriculture sent samples of the soil and weeds of Suicide Gulch to Washington.

There, last week, the mystery collapsed. The plants had drawn selenium from the soil in proportions as large as 1,750 parts per million.

Selenium is a poisonous, non-metallic element fatal to live stock when contained in plants in as small proportion as ten parts per million.

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DIVORCE LONG A THORN TO BRITAIN

Churchmen Differ on Process Evolved Through Centuries

"If the stamp of divorce is honorable for Mrs. Simpson, how can it be held dishonorable for the King?"

Thus last week *The Londonderry Journal* in Northern Ireland limned editorially what many a Britisher felt was the crux of the crisis that drove Edward VIII from the throne: England's archaic, hard-to-change 400-year-old divorce system.

For Mrs. Simpson and the then monarch, the Irish editor had naught but sympathy. For the average Briton no less sympathy, since he felt that Edward Windsor and Wallis Simpson had unwittingly brought "Britain's divorce chicken home to roost."

Since no royal romance had flowered in all those years to rock the Empire, *The Journal* fretted, commoner folk had clamored in vain for a fundamental change in the hoary social-legal tangle of precedent.

Irony—Until Monday legal head of the Church of England, which a forefather established in order to divorce a fat, unwanted Queen, Edward in truth grappled with an ironic situation in which he seemingly did not enjoy the rights of humblest commoners; in which they themselves, too, were tangled by the skein of criss-crossing spiritual and temporal laws.

This confusion dwells around the inexorable opposition of the Church of England to divorce, its refusal to admit remarried persons to communion, and efforts of civil authorities to strike a compromise.

The first compromise was sought by Henry VIII, church founder, who, after breaking off from Rome, nullifying his marriage to Catherine of Aragon and wedding the comely Anne Boleyn, set about in 1540 to ease the matrimonial hardships of his subjects. Henry died before he could get Parliament to pass the reforms, which were later defeated under Edward VI.

In 1603 the Church, which had tenaciously retained the divorce law among other features of the Roman faith, passed a canon which in effect said of divorced persons that "neither shall they, during each other's life, contract matrimony with any other person."

Deadlock—For 254 years, no absolute divorce was possible in England. Legal separation could be obtained (divorce *a mensa et thoro*—from bed and board) from ecclesiastical courts, but no remarriage was possible.

The only way to marry another person while the other spouse was still alive was through annulment by Parliament, a costly procedure.

By 1857 pressure for reform had become so great that Parliament passed the Matrimonial Causes Act, setting up a lay court to handle divorce suits. It allowed a judicial separation by either party for adultery, cruelty or desertion for two or more years, and provided that a husband could obtain a divorce for the adultery of his wife, while the wife must have grounds of cruelty or desertion, as well as adultery.

Under this law divorced people may be remarried in the church. The minister of the church may refuse to marry the couple if he has scruples; he may not refuse permission for the use of his church for the marriage, or refuse to allow another minister to perform the ceremony in his church.

To prevent connivance, collusion or misconduct for six months before the divorce became final the decree nisi* was introduced in 1860.

Momentum—Slowly the liberal movement had gained momentum. Agitation of Mrs. Caroline Sheridan Norton, a granddaughter of the Irish dramatist, Richard Sheridan, had prepared the way for the first divorce court in the fifties; Queen Victoria finally sent for the Marchioness of Blandford, innocent divorce figure in 1883; Bernard Shaw joined the campaign; Arnold Bennett wrote his revelatory "Whom God Hath Joined," members of the non-conformist sects were allowed to marry in their own churches; woman suffrage grew.

By the turn of the century, the Divorce Law Reform Union was organized, leading to the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry into divorce proceedings. It crystallized wide-spread opinion on divorce reform, but nothing further was done for a decade. In 1925 a new law placed man and wife on equal footing in regard to grounds for divorce by making a single act of adultery sufficient as evidence. This resulted in an increased number of wives' petitions; in 1926 came laws regulating newspaper accounts and judicial procedure of lawsuits.

Current high champion of further divorce relief is A. P. Herbert, M. P., barrister, poet, playwright, novelist, whose "Holy Deadlock" a few years ago created a sensation in both England and the United States.

Last month he finally got a bill introduced in Parliament which proposes further drastic changes in the law.

Authority—On the second reading of the bill, November 20, he quoted the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, as saying in 1935: "The time has come when Parliament can no longer resist the growing public demand for some extensions of the grounds for divorce."

In brief, Herbert's bill would abolish the decree nisi, add as grounds for divorce a desertion period of three years, cruelty or incurable insanity over a five-year period, incurable and habitual drunkenness, and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence.

The main marriage provision insists that no divorce be granted within five years of marriage, but judicial separation and annulment would remain available within that period.

The bill also would allow clergymen of the Church of England to dispense with current compulsions in respect to remarriages and the use of chapels for ceremonies. The object is to bring sanity into conflicts like *l'Affaire* Simpson, give the clergy a liberty of conscience.

In May of this year the Convocations of Canterbury and York gave a long discussion to the remarriage issue, decided to order further study before taking action.

Rising Tide—In spite of all these restrictions, about 5,000 persons are divorced annually in England, Wales and Scotland; and divorce is slowly growing. Chief obstacle to it is the cost. An undefended suit usually costs about $250; a defended action from $350 to $2,500.

Main argument of the Church is that, if it lightened its rules on remarriage of divorced persons, the action might later be used as an entering-wedge to force it to recognize more grounds for divorce, and might eventually take away all its influence over the moral lives of its members.

Such is its stand, too, in respect to its erstwhile head, Edward Windsor. Succinctly, its official organ, *The Church Times* (London), pointed out:

"The Church can not regard any man, however exalted his temporal position, as 'Christ's faithful vassal and servant' who enters into a relationship which the Church specifically condemns."

If the large number of Anglicans were against his marriage to Mrs. Simpson, Edward found solace last week in the fact that many of his Catholic subjects were deeply sympathetic. *The Tablet*, leading London Catholic weekly, declared: "We think it important that he shall not be asked to make one of the greatest sacrifices for the sake of his office, and then be told that the office is essentially ceremonial in character."

Support—And the Free Churches (Baptists and Methodists—to which many of the working class and the middle class belong) lent support. The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, Pastor of the Methodist Westminster Central Hall, said: "We cherish the

*Technically a decree nisi (unless), such as was issued to Mrs. Simpson, is a claim of dissolution in the first part. During the six-months' interim the King's Proctor can intervene on suspicion of collusion. To-day any person may show cause why the decree should not be made absolute.

Globe

Most Rev. Dr. Cosmo Lang . . . church champion

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fervent hope that all will be settled for the King's happiness and for the good of the country. It is better for us all at present to wait and hope for the best."

In Australia, where divorce grounds vary from State to State, Roman Catholic Archbishop Daniel J. Mannix, declared: "I hope and pray that what is best for the Empire and the world will be done in this regrettable crisis, but it must not be on the lines of any compromise over divorce or the things following in its train."

In Canada the Most Rev. Derwyn T. Owen, Anglican Archbishop of Toronto, cabled to Archbishop Lang: "I would assure your Grace that the prayers of our Church in Canada and of many others here are with you in this time of great anxiety."

Akin to the Anglican Communion is the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Last week, while Bishop William T. Manning of New York refused to comment, the Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, Episcopal Bishop of Washington, explained:

"Protestant Episcopal Church in America precludes marriage of divorced persons except on statutory grounds. We take the position that such a remarriage undermines the solidarity of the family."

Far from London's twisting streets, but closely watching the church-throne crisis, was the Rev. Clement Francis Rogers, Professor Emeritus of Pastoral Theology at King's College, University of London, who told a New York church congregation:

"The Church of England does not recognize divorce. A married woman who has one husband can't marry another man. The marriage service reads 'Till death us do part,' and that is what it means. We don't believe in bigamy.

"Marriage is indissoluble. The Church does not recognize the marriage of divorced persons."

Social Service

CONTEST: College Savings Plan Judged Best Way to Spend a Million Dollars

"If I had a million . . ."

Title of a movie, theme for fiction and touchstone to myriads of day-dreams, those words almost express a national philosophy of wishful thinking. Every American is sure of what he'd do with a million dollars. Every one, that is, except the man who has it to spend.

Last June, Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the conservative and cautious *Atlantic Monthly*, gave "thinking Americans" solid stuff for their dreams. The magazine offered $1,000 for the best suggestion on how a Midwest millionaire could best spend $1,000,000 on his community of 100,000, already well supplied with parks, playgrounds, schools, swimming pools and an art gallery.

Reservation—The anonymous would-be benefactor suggested the contest, put up the prize money, asked the magazine to pick the winner, but didn't promise to carry out the chosen plan, reserved all rights to the hundred best letters.

In this month's Christmassy-red issue, *Atlantic's* readers found the prize winner, fifty-six-year-old Howard Douglas Dozier, Ph.D., ex-college professor, a senior economist in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, where he helped with early New Deal legislation.

A family man, abstemious, Methodist, Doctor Dozier lives with his wife and two children in a Woodside, Maryland, cottage, plays fair contract and bad golf.

The thousand-dollar prize will be divided fifty-fifty for education between his children, six-foot-two Douglas Bailey, a freshman in Vanderbilt University, and Margaret Louise, high-school student in Washington, D. C.

Prize winner: Howard Douglas Dozier

Afraid his chances would suffer because he had previously contributed articles to the magazine, Dozier identified his manuscript only by number when he submitted it, enclosed his name in a sealed envelop only to be opened at the contest's end.

Plan—No long hours were spent in thought or preparation by the prize winner, not last summer anyway. His letter was merely a retyped copy of a plan he had carefully drawn up two years ago. Briefly, it proposed to put the million dollars into a trust fund for the college education of deserving high-school graduates.

Parents of a limited number of children in the benefactor's community would be permitted to deposit $10 monthly with a non-profit corporation, "The College Savings Trust Fund Association," headed by the millionaire; the corporation would match their savings dollar for dollar. These deposits would be placed on credit in near-by colleges for future use of the students upon matriculation.

"The plan is sound financially," Dozier said in his published exposition of it, "for a good college's promise to pay off a deposit in educational opportunity, its stock in trade, is safer than an equally good and equally honest bank's promise to pay off a deposit with money."

High Score—In his more or less uneventful life, he has established a 1,000 per cent. contest score. With the help of his Smith College-graduate bride, Katharine Bailey, he prepared his dissertation for the Doctorate of Philosophy degree at Yale University on the subject "History of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad." The paper won the Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize of $500. He had never entered another contest until last June.

In picking a modified scholarship plan, the magazine unconsciously bowed to the will of the majority: by far the largest number of the 8,461 suggestions advocated free education: traveling scholarships, exchange scholarships, music scholarships, "scholarships for bright children to be leaders and average children to be followers."

That million-dollar thinking was not confined to the single track of personal satisfaction was amply proved as the editors dug through the makings of a "composite Utopia."

Other Proposals—With a million dollars, some entrants wanted to provide:

Sanctuaries for birds and animals; a cooperative football team; free concerts, plays.

A foundation or trust for constructive use of leisure (one of five best); planetariums, aquariums, gymnasiums.

Assistance to farmers against drought, grasshoppers and chinch-bugs; a year on the farm for every fifth-grade child; perfect orphanages.

A fund to eliminate the collection of money during church services; air-conditioning of churches.

A subsidized newspaper—outside influence of advertisers; a tax-free town; socialized medicine.

A goat's milk dairy; a temple of poetry; public baths, Roman style; a swimming pool exclusively for Negroes (suggested by a white woman).

One irate citizen wanted to spend a million dollars enforcing a maximum automobile speed of twelve miles an hour.

Picking the brains of day-dreaming Americans for spending advice did not originate with the *Atlantic's* anonymous millionaire.

A $1,000 prize was offered in 1929 through the New York *World* by C. Harold Smith, "the carbon king," who wanted to know how "best to benefit humanity" with $10,000,000.

He believed that "strength comes from a Spartan life," and that leaving huge sums of money to his family or to charity would do more harm than good. Among judges in the contest were Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the famous radio minister; Theodore Dreiser, the writer; and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Rejected—Sifted from thousands of letters, including suggestions from Thomas A. Edison and James J. (Jimmy) Walker, was one by Dr. Henry E. Garrett, a Columbia University psychology professor, who won the prize.

His idea: to establish an institute of mental hygiene for the feeble-minded which would give advice upon request and study criminal cases.

The carbon king never put any of the ideas to the test, termed most of the suggestions "sordid and selfish," left his estate entirely to his widow on his death in September, 1931.

Contests on "What I would do with $1,000" (or less) pop up every year or so in radio, magazine or newspaper advertising schemes, but no prize winner has approached the suggestion that took the cake in a Chicago newspaper's competition ten years ago.

All it said was:

"I'd buy an extra pair of suspenders for an extra pair of pants."

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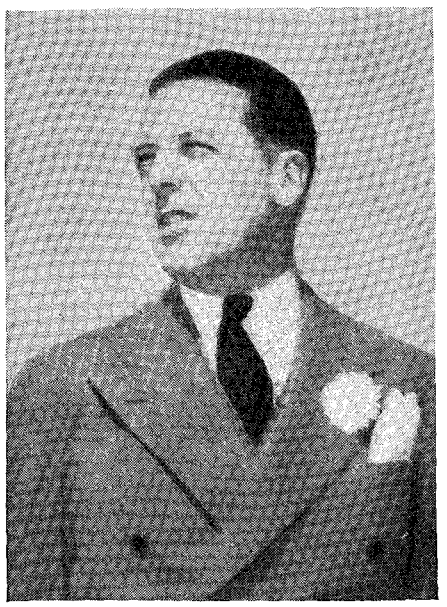
CASTING 91,000 FILM ACTORS A YEAR

Billy Grady Directs Enormous Job for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The most harassed and defenseless men in Hollywood are the casting directors.

Last Monday, up early in the Hollywood dawn, they poured 11,000 calls for "extras" into the gorged trunk lines of Central Casting Corporation. By nightfall, 10,200 of these had earned $7.50 each for a day's work, had gone back home to sit and wait for another call. It might come next morning—or next year. The other 800 were kept over for another day, perhaps two.

The casting directors are victims of everything from blandishment to ground



Billy Grady: "And he said he was an actor"

glass, from blunt, remorseless politics to insane scheming. They have to be quick enough to detect an actor's plot, smart enough to crush it. That intermittent $7.50 a day is the difference between life and death by starvation to hordes.

Hiring—The harrowing job of these casters is to find and engage competent actors for motion-pictures.

It would seem an easy, glamourous task. Actually, they fight for fifty-two weeks in every year the most wearying fight imaginable: theirs the work of fending off the 80,000,000 persons in this country who believe with fierce confidence that they have more to offer films than have either Greta Garbo or Clark Gable. Any casting director alive is willing to confess that one in that 80,000,000 probably is right.

The greatest single employer of "extra" labor, at from $3 a day each for plain mob workers to $25 a day for a "dress" extra who speaks a line of dialog, is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It lumps this tremendous task on the shoulders, naturally, of an ace casting director.

Hollywood's No. 1 casting director is Billy Grady, broad-shouldered, open-faced Irishman, a terror to counterfeits, a downright softy when he encounters an honest man—or woman.

Life Begins—Grady arrived at his desk in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios by a long, tedious and circuitous process that began the night he was born in Lynn, Massachusetts. Mother Grady, slender, daft about theater, eager to teach shambling adolescents of Lynn the first steps in grace, posture and elocution, was in the midst of a dramatic lesson. She had been thumping clear speech into half a dozen witless infants for an hour. They still spoke English as if it were two parts barbed wire and one part hot mush. She was tired, discouraged. Suddenly, she excused herself from the lesson, sent the little dramatic guinea-pigs home and welcomed son Billy into existence.

"He will be an actor," she said.

Hamlet—He was three, the youngest back-porch *Hamlet* in Lynn's history, when he first understood about his birth. It seemed a good idea. He joined forces with his mother.

"I knew then it was a good idea," he acknowledges now. "Acting is fun, always has been. I was born to act, and now look."

He spread wide, sturdy palms across a desk littered with casting sheets and jotted notes on suggested players for pictures.

He hires—and fires—91,000 persons a year, all actors. Any personnel manager with a labor turnover of as little as 500 persons a year knows the groan quota of such a job. Let him multiply that quota 180 times, allow for acting temperament—and never feel sorry for himself again.

Start—Acting is far away from Grady now, as a personal ambition. Nor was his entry into it auspicious, altho Mother Grady told him it was all right. All great actors, she assured him, began humbly. His first job in theater was as janitor of the Lynn Theater in Lynn. He shoveled coal, dusted seats, got the theater warm. Even then, he used to look at actors and wonder.

A circus played Lynn. Automatically, he went to it. Just as automatically, he mingled with the professionals, ignored the audience of home-town people. He learned the circus needed an animal tender who also could handle "props" for the performers. He left with the circus. The Grady family nodded in satisfaction. Actor Billy was on his way.

When his adolescent vocal cords finally smoothed down, he found himself with a tenor voice. The circus pitched in a city near New York; he took a day off and went to Broadway. By nightfall he had a job, singing illustrated songs for publishers. His mellifluous Irish tenor was supposed to work people to such a state of emotion they would tumble over themselves buying copies of the songs. A better showman than his employers, he decided to dramatize himself, get a distinctive name. He was certain it had to be Irish, then thought of some bird-like quality. He thought of calling himself "The Irish Thrush," and discarded that as being faintly feminine. Lynn came to mind and then linnet. He billed himself as "The Irish Linnet." Sold lots of songs, that way. Irish families, awash in tears, would buy songs by the bale.

When spring came, he went back to the circus, this time in the No. 1 ticket wagon, an important job. Winter closed in on the circus and he fled for Broadway. He had met some vaudeville actors while selling and singing songs; he looked them up. They had no work for him, but his Irish wit was entertaining. After three nights of keeping vaudeville actors laughing free, he decided he was being a sucker. So he wrote, into one-act form, the funny things he had said.

Soon, he was one of the foremost vaudeville sketch writers. Actors paid him generous sums for sketches. Well-fed, happy, flicked with ambition, he decided to write full-length plays. It paid better and dramatists had a better social caste than sketch writers. He wrote three plays; they were bought. He wrote a fourth; it wasn't. He went back to sketches.

Often he was asked to help direct his sketches, to make it more apparent to actors what he meant in what he had written. After a year of directing vaudeville

"Ummm. You see, it's like this with actors . . ."

players he decided he could do it as well, in many cases better. He became a vaudeville actor.

Grady sent word home that he finally was an actor. Mother Grady rejoiced and paid no more attention to his sketches. She felt vindicated. He toured for many years, was known on the circuits from Coast to Coast. He specialized in villainy.

Six years ago, when vaudeville began to collapse of its own fell weight, he wondered what he could do. He had written a play two years earlier, but no one wanted it. He knew more actors than possibly any one in the business. Hollywood was swallowing up actors who could talk as well as act. He decided to become an actors' agent and place clients with the studios.

He was so expert at suggesting the right type at just the right time that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided it would save money by hiring him to go to First Nights on Broadway and make a daily report on the competence or incompetence of stage players. It was decided by Metro's executives that if Grady as an agent could induce them to pay $750 a week to an actor obviously worth only $300, his persuasive power could hire for them $1,000 actors for $500. His persuasive powers could and did.

Reviews and Records—For three years, he saw every show produced on Broadway, wrote a daily report. Unabashed by the studio, unawed by its executives, he daily air-mailed to Hollywood critical reviews

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such as never have seen print in any newspaper engaging a formal drama critic.

There was a play called "The Green Bay Tree." It was about two sybarites, wealthy, cultured. It was produced handsomely, elegantly, and the newspaper reviews were phrased in words of satin.

That annoyed Grady. He thought it time to debunk the gloss. So his review winged to the Metro Studios in the form of a letter written by an ex-convict to a pal still in prison.

"So look, pal," it reads, "there's this old fluff, see, and he's got plenty of dough. Along comes a young guy and they take a tenement dive in London."

There are 1,200 words to it. It is a classic of gutter speech reporting.

Grady had one other habit. He kept books. He kept books on every actor, sketch and play he ever saw, with dates, type of rôles, and places.

The day the studio wired him to come to California and be casting director, he took the records with him. They have helped him to confound many a pompous, untruthful actor trying to get a job.

Spotted—One came in, with his agent, while Grady was being interviewed. A swollen, spatted, gardenia-ed actor, speaking counterfeit British. Grady recognized him, remembered him, but didn't admit it. He waited to see what would happen.

"My client will tell you his experience," said the agent.

"I was leading man for Katharine Cornell," said the actor, "and before that I played a lead with George M. Cohan. I was in a Theater Guild play, starred, last season."

Grady shrugged, reached into a file, thumbed nine pages of a record book and glared.

"Why try to lie to me?" he snorted. "The truth is the Guild never stars any one, you never have been even an understudy in a Cornell company, you haven't had a job in exactly two years and eight months and four days and in your last fairly good job you played a butler but were fired after the first night because you dropped a tray and, in reaching for it, hurt the star's left eye with your elbow. The star, if you must know, was Jolson. The play was 'Wonderbar.' That's your record."

The actor turned white, the agent turned purple.

"If you ever bring this man in here again," Grady said to the agent, "I will throw both of you out."

They vanished, mumbling to themselves.

Hobby—Grady's office is a five-room bungalow on the studio lot. He has fourteen men and three secretaries working for him. His own office is protected by two of the three secretaries, double sets of doors, a private switchboard and a window one may look out of, but not into. His office is severely plain: a desk, two chairs, three telephones, a bookcase full of actors' records and an old-fashioned umbrella stand. It is stacked with canes.

The canes are his hobby. He collects one from the star of every picture made on the lot.

Paul Muni gave him a Chinese ash cane for "The Good Earth." Gable gave him a blackthorn for the Irish "Parnell." Garbo gave him a sword-cane with an ivory head for "Camille." There are more than thirty-eight canes in the collection, six more were expected hourly. He never carries one. Just looks at them. The umbrella stand is from the front hall in the house in Lynn.

Advice—He isn't awed by stars, he will weep for troubles afflicting an extra. Directors, planning a new picture, call him, suggest a certain star. If Grady doesn't believe the star is suitable, he says so. One such name was mentioned while he was being interviewed. A director was telephoning to inquire if the actor was available.

"You can have him if you want him," Grady barked, "but I warn you, he has a sheep-nose. Besides that, he can't act."

The actor didn't get the job.

"He hasn't a sheep-nose and he can act," Grady explained, after hanging up the telephone. "But he would have been wrong for the part. If I had told the director that, he would have resented my doubting his casting ability. So I told him the actor was ugly."

For "Camille": a cane to Grady from Garbo

He has a standard formula for answering the telephone.

It rings, he nods at whoever he is speaking to in his office, he picks up the receiver, cries: "Square-Deal Grady speaking!"

He has a free hand in the matter of hiring extras, with one exception. Director W. S. Van Dyke has a "panic list," a roster of once famous players, now broke, forgotten by the public, who need work. Whenever Van Dyke starts a picture, he sends the "panic list" to Grady, Grady telephones the old-timers, gives them work. John Ford, at RKO Studios, has a similar arrangement.

Assignment—Grady's toughest job was to find bit players and extras for "The Good Earth." His fourteen assistants combed the West Coast from Vancouver, British Columbia, to San Diego, California, rounding up Chinese able and willing to work in the film version of Pearl Buck's novel.

They found a Chinese banker in San Francisco, a noodle manufacturer in Los Angeles, a doll-maker in Vancouver, all willing, for a lark, to play in the picture. In addition, they found 1,500 other Chinese. They brought them to Grady.

"We need 2,000," said Grady. "Go get more."

He was told there weren't any more. So Grady hired 200 Filipinos and 300 Mexicans, choosing the latter from the more Oriental-eyed types. The 1,500 Chinese will be seen in the front ranks of all mob scenes in the picture, the Filipinos and Mexicans will fill up the background. They will look Chinese, but not enough Chinese to stand the full glare of the camera's eye.

Frequently, actors with money in the bank, perfectly able to support themselves, apply for work and pretend to be poverty-stricken. Grady fell for the trick twice, both his first day in the new job. But never again. He worked out six systems for testing the truth, mixes them up, varies them, so that no actor knows whether he is being tested or not.

Test—An aging actor came to him early one morning, begged for a day's work as an extra at $7.50 for the day. Grady remembered him from the Broadway theater, remembered him as an actor of means and importance. It had been ten years ago, but Grady wanted to be sure the man was really down-and-out.

"I'm no sucker, Dan," said Grady. "I work the kick-back here. If you want work, you've got to kick back to me. Half of what you get."

The actor never blinked, accepted the terms. He was then sent to a stage as an extra in a mob scene.

Grady forgot the incident, was working hard and at 5:30 that afternoon was miles from the studio. He needed a report, so drove to the studio to get it. It was 9:10 P.M. There sat the old actor on the bungalow steps.

"What are you doing here?" Grady asked. "Your troupe finished at 5:15."

"I know, Billy," said the old man. "I've been waiting for you to give you that $3.75."

Grady was furious with himself, with the old man for believing such a fantastic arrangement. But his fury didn't last long. He began to weep. He curtly dismissed the old actor, told him never to believe anything like a kick-back again and sent him home.

Next day he discovered the old man had had seven cents when he came to work, hadn't eaten for two days, was being ejected from his boarding-house. Work was found for the actor for two weeks.

Charity—Hollywood has among its major plagues the charity racket. Whenever a promoter needs pocket-money he announces and stages a charity benefit for any that will stand for it. Players are exploited, the needy never get the money.

A few weeks ago, Grady called the casting directors together, suggested a way of helping broke and ill extras in a sane way. He proposed an annual ball in Hollywood, with five stars from each studio as guests of honor. Tickets were to be a dollar, the studios would furnish the orchestras without charge. It would be known as the

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Casting Directors' Ball and 15,000 tickets would be sold. The money would be used to send tubercular extras to West Coast hospitals, to pay rent, buy food for worthy extras.

"It is impossible to give enough work for all the extras in Hollywood," he explained. "Consequently, some go broke, become ill from malnutrition. They have worked hard when they could get it, they have been faithful, dependable. It is our job to reward that with all the help we can give them. We'd be in a bad way without such men and women."

The first Casting Directors' Ball will take place this winter.

A secretary came in, handed Grady a package.

"Did you dip this in water?" he asked. "It's probably a bomb."

She said she hadn't. He decided he'd chance the contents. He opened it. It was a letter, six photographs and a square of white cardboard on which two human hairs had been glued. It was from a monstrous man in Iowa.

Letter—"Sir: I am the hairiest man in Iowa and my friends tell me I'd be a natural for your *Tarzan* pictures. Hoping you will agree, I am enclosing six photographs of myself, nakkid, and in several poses. The hair on my chest is two inches thick. I could be an ape-man, sort of, for pictures. I have plucked two hairs from my chest so that you can see for yourself what I mean."

The buzzer was pushed for a secretary.

"Return the pictures, thank him for writing us, refer him to a mattress factory."

She vanished with the package.

"You know," said Grady, "there are 80,000,000 guys and girls just like that. They want to be in pictures so bad they can taste it."

Music

OPERA: Metropolitan's Fifty-fourth Season Opens With Tenor as General Manager

This week ghosts will walk in the red plush and gilt of New York's Metropolitan Opera House, mingling with the furred, jeweled social crowd and the less dazzlingly dressed music lovers who will gather for the opening performance—Wagner's "Die Walküre"—of the fifty-fourth year. It will be the first time Wagner has opened the season in thirty-five years. Ghosts more than half a century old will look on the scene and find it unfamiliar.

For a new deal went into operation last year under the egis of Edward Johnson, the first tenor and the first Rotarian to become General Manager of the country's oldest and best known opera. This dealer of fresh programs has had handsomer cooperation from his supreme court—the Board of Directors—and promises to end up this season in the satisfying realm known in financial circles as "the black." It will be the first time since a few years preceding the depression that opera will be holding its own in New York.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza assumed the directorship in 1908 and held it until last year. The opera paid expenses and had a sinking fund of a quarter of a million dollars until it was eaten up during the financial quake. But most of that money was made in the days when the public in New York alone spent two million dollars a year to satisfy its craving for music.

Roster—This season's roster lists eighty-six singers, twenty-one of whom will be making their débuts with the company. In keeping with Johnson's policy to make the entire approach more American, eighteen of the newcomers will be native singers.

American, too, will be an opera to be heard for the first time in this country, Richard Hageman's "Caponsacchi," with a libretto by Arthur Goodrich. Written in 1929 and produced in Germany the following year, it broke records for popularity. In 1932 it had ten performances in Freiburg during a three-month season, and contracts were signed with twelve other companies for production until Hitler banned it. Tho it contains no propaganda, it was barred, the composer believes, because the leading character is a priest and the Pope appears in several scenes. Hageman will conduct his own composition.

Altho Johnson feels firmly that there must be more operas sung in English to reach a generation accustomed to Hollywood's attempts in that direction, there will be a generous proportion of standard favorites: Wagner, Verdi, Puccini and Gounod.

Search—All those who do the worrying for the financial end of the "Met" agree that the most hopeful thing to put the opera across would be another American *prima donna* who would catch the public fancy. Not since Marion Talley, plump and apple-cheeked, arrived from a Kansas farm, has America given a spectacular singer to the operatic stage. Johnson hopes to find one; if not this year, then next, and no young hopeful is ever turned away without a hearing.

When he last visited Gatti-Casazza in Italy, the aged *impresario* predicted Johnson's success as director. "You know the opera house, people like you—and you are lucky." Johnson hopes the *maestro's* words will prove completely true, as he starts the new season.

Kirsten Flagstad as Brünnehilde

Lauritz Melchior as Siegfried

© International

Next week, in all its proverbial glamour, the Metropolitan will open its fifty-fourth season

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PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS BY THE MONTH

Two New Yorkers Answer Woollcott's Plea for Rental Service

Some few years ago, when Alexander Woollcott was playing Town Crier to the country generally, his voice meandered through the microphone beseeching some one to start a rental service for paintings. The amiable gentleman gave a goodly number of sound reasons why there should be such a scheme, and tho his fame as a book plugger was notorious—he had but to mention a title and book clerks were submerged for days filling requests for the "one Woollcott talked about"—no one did anything about offering pictures for rent.

Last week should have found Mr. Woollcott purring his satisfaction. Marian Willard and David Sortor had heeded his words and acted on them. Their newly organized East River Gallery, in New York, already was frantically scrambling to fill orders and answer inquiries that poured in from all over the country.

Collection—As a starting collection, the gallery has 150 paintings and drawings which may be rented for sheer esthetic enjoyment or to impress friends—and possibly enemies. The rental fees are $4, $5 and $6 a month—$5 is the average—depending on the fame of the artist, the size of the picture and whether it is a drawing or an oil. For this insignificant sum, a client may hang a Picasso, Rivera, Derain or de Chirico, among the well-knowns, or a pleasant creation by a blissfully unknown-but-hopeful.

Aside from the obvious reason—lack of money—which prevents those who appreciate pictures from buying them, Miss Willard and Mr. Sortor acknowledge more than one reason for believing their plan a thoroughly good one. They know that both successful and unsuccessful artists stack their studios ceiling-high with canvases awaiting sales or a showing. Instead of gathering dust, these paintings can contribute to the enjoyment of society by making contemporary art a part of contemporary living, they believe.

If a prospective purchaser rents a painting and lives with it a while, he avoids the mistake of buying in haste and repenting at leisure. Pictures are not as easy to fit to a room or a temperament as a hat fits a head. Any one who has owned a painting, or a good copy, knows the pleasure that can be derived from it. But if a person, for one reason or another, has acquired a picture he considers all wrong, it can be an extremely disturbing element, and, like a hat that doesn't fit, can make him uncomfortable every time he sees it.

This renting of pictures presents a feasible way to achieve the stimulation of a variety and change of new pictures. And aside from that, it gives a small stipend to the artists—they receive half of the rental fee—from properties that, despite their eventual value, added nothing to their originators' income.

It makes possible, too, a small return to an owner on the investment of a picture that has ceased to please him. One-third of the pictures in the collection are offered for rent by individual owners who no longer want to give them house room, for entirely personal reasons. They are rented on the same basis as the painter-owned canvases; half of the rental.

Expenses—When the gallery rents 100 pictures a month, it will be covering its expenses, which include insurance for the paintings, gallery rent and salaries for both the organizers. So far, they have found homes for thirty foundling pictures, which they hope may become the permanent possessions of the clients now renting them. For they believe that a large proportion of these people who have taken pictures on a month-to-month basis eventually will buy them. And, as is the case in other business enterprises, the rental fee will be applied to the eventual purchase price.

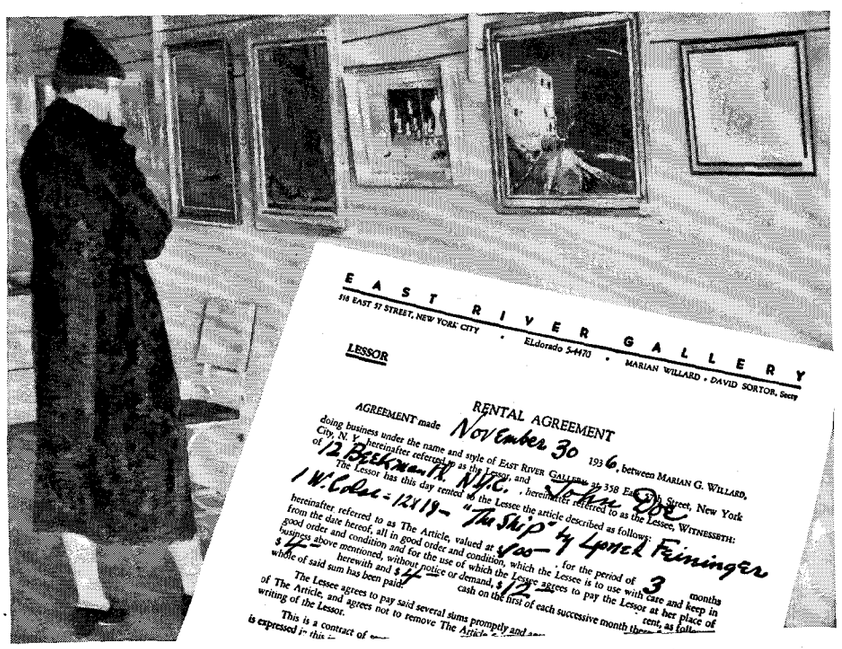
In the light of their short experience, Miss Willard and her partner have no way of knowing how promptly their clients will pay up, or how many bad risks they have rented pictures to. The system is to pay in advance for the first month's rent, with bills rendered the first of each succeeding month. If these remain unpaid, the gallery will show no arty soft-heartedness. With all the hardy determination of an instalment furniture concern, they will march right in and pluck their painting from the wall of a client who has allowed his bills to lapse.

Risks—The partners entertain little or no fear of renters running off to another part of the country with a picture for which they have paid only a few months' rent.

"It's the chance we take, of course," Miss Willard explained, "but somehow, you don't find many kleptomaniacs or thieves among picture lovers. And then, a painting is always easy to trace—if it is stolen with the idea of cashing it in—and because it is so easily identifiable, it is impossible to dispose of it."

In launching their project, the couple were not discouraged by the words of Gertrude (a rose is a rose is a rose) Stein, who always says to young painters, when they complain that she changes her mind about their work:

"It is not I that change my mind about the painting, but the paintings disappear into the wall. I do not see them any more and then they go out of the door naturally."


EAST RIVER GALLERY
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LESSOR
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AGREEMENT made November 30 1936, between MARIAN G. WILLARD,
doing business under the name and style of EAST RIVER GALLERIES at 358 East 57th Street, New York
City, N. Y., hereinafter referred to as the Lessor, and
hereinafter referred to as the Lessee, the article described as follows:
The Lessor has this day rented to the Lessee the article described as the Lessee, WITNESSETH:
hereinafter, referred to as The Article, valued at
from the date hereof, all in good order and condition, which the Lessee is to use with care and keep in
good order and condition and for the use of which the Lessee agrees to pay the Lessor at her place of
business above mentioned, without notice or demand, $ for the period of months
herewith and $
whole of said sum has been paid
The Lessee agrees to pay said several sums promptly and
cash on the first of each successive month there
cent, as follows
of The Article, and agrees not to remove The Article
writing of the Lessor.
This is a contract of
is expressed in this

New York's East River Gallery, where milady selects and signs a lease

BARROOM MURALS: Tipplers to Imbibe History of Their Regions With Liquid Inspiration

Not pink elephants, but red Indians, bucolic Pilgrims and buffaloes will soon confront the patrons of the nation's hotel bars.

Starting with the forty-eight hostelries controlled by the American Hotels' Association, this wave of historic murals is expected to sweep the country, forcing tipplers willy-nilly to soak up the past, along with their grape and grain.

Managing hotels spread as far west as Minnesota, south to Virginia and north to Massachusetts, Gen. J. Leslie Kincaid, President of the Association, patriot who has taken it upon himself to carry out this painless form of education, has decreed that each of his bar murals must be germane to the hotel's locale.

Three have been completed—in Oswego, New York; Baltimore, Maryland, and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Baltimore topers may now salute Francis Scott Key, under guard of British Marines, watching the bombardment of Fort McHenry while the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" form in his mind. Residents of Bethlehem may forget that "a penny saved is a penny earned" while raising drinks to Benjamin Franklin, painted as he arrived in the town in 1755 to advise the settlers in their defense against the Indians. And at Oswego, bar customers may gulp down "whisky courage" while staring into the eyes of Chief Pontiac, a grim-looking opponent in regalia of war.

Artist—For the painting of the murals, General Kincaid selected George Gray, of Rochester, New York, who is not only a mural painter but also an expert in historical research. As an Army man, Gray became interested in the early history of the American Army, the struggles of the

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colonists and the outstanding characters of American history. His research uncovered Benjamin Franklin's command of the Pennsylvania settlers in their fights with Indian tribes, disclosed that Francis Scott Key was not imprisoned on a British battle-ship when he wrote the National Anthem, but on a small merchant ship out of the line of fire.

Muralist Gray sticks to the tried and true school of historical painting. His colors are as vivid and as warming to the eye as the bottles that range below them. Resembling pictures on a grade school wall, they are a far cry from the old speak-easy art which flourished when America was "on the wagon."

Speak-easy *décor* did not know the restraint of which Gray's bar decorations are indicative to-day. Tho Prohibition felt the ax only three short years ago, little trace remains of the style of painting which filled the walls of fashionable hide-aways and lowly dives. Speak-easy art strove to be amusing, looked for its humor in bawdy sex pictures. And the greater the swank, the more Rabelaisian the decorations.

Woman—Happy in the belief that repeal has permanently changed all this, General Kincaid attributes the new moral tone to the fact that women now do their drinking in public. "They demand something more than sex to rest their eyes upon, so modern muralists are giving them the historical events and business backgrounds of their home cities."

The General predicts that the modern barroom will become the historical showplace of America.

One bartender agreed with him.

"Every night," he said, "I see history, in one form or another, being made before my eyes."

NEW BOOKS: Tribulations of the Persecuted Jews; Thumbing Other Works

"Some of My Best Friends Are Jews." By Robert Gessner. 381 pp. (New York: Farrar & Rinehart; $3.)

"Jews are like everybody else—only more so."

So clicked the typewriter of the epigrammatic Dorothy Thompson, syndicated columnist and wife of Sinclair Lewis.

"Are they?" queried Robert Gessner, twenty-nine-year-old instructor of English at New York University. "Then why are they so persecuted?"

To answer his own question, the young Michigan-born Jew traveled to Europe, saw Hitler-swayed Jews march from meetings shouting: "Down with us! Down with us!" Less fantastic were his experiences in Poland, Palestine, the Soviet Union and England. Sobered by the scene, Gessner returned to America with camera shots, note-books and 4,000 feet of as yet unedited movies. Three years later, experiences weighed, facts checked, "Some of My Best Friends Are Jews" appears as his account of a modern Odyssey.

Author—Into the early Gessner life in the lumber regions of Michigan little anti-Semitism had fallen. True, he fought as a child when people insulted his race. Later, he found a college romance shattered because he was not an "Aryan." But it was not until he came east, saw the contrast between Park Avenue and East Side Jews, that the racial question disturbed him. How were things for the Jews elsewhere? Had anti-Semitism "worked" in Germany? What was life like in a Polish Ghetto? Was Palestine really the answer to the Jewish question?

Robert Gessner: "Why so persecuted?"

In search of the truth, the young instructor bought a movie camera, typewriter, note-book and a steamer ticket. Then he sailed for England.

There he found American rich-poor contrasts repeated. He met the German Jews who had fled for safety from their native land. One, wealthy cotton manufacturer, told Gessner he had been quite fortunate in leaving Germany. Through the kindness of some Nazi officials, he had been able to transport his cotton mills to England. Now he sold cloth regularly to the Nazis.

Business — The young American was shocked. "You support Hitler?"

"Oh, that's business," answered the manufacturer. "What else could I do? Give up my business, all my connections—go and dig ditches in Palestine?"

Suddenly the refugee grew angry. "But look here!" he exclaimed. "Mosley must be stopped! Fascism in England must be stopped!"

"Why?" asked Gessner.

"Mosley must not be permitted to arouse the people against the Jews!"

"And why?" pursued the American, curious at this about-face.

"Why?" snapped the refugee. "Because if he isn't stopped I'll be compelled to move my factory to South Africa or Brazil or Palestine—and just at a time when I have more orders than I can fill!"

Zion—Elsewhere Jews had less choice in their dealings with dictators. In Germany, the traveler found a return to the theory and practises of the middle ages. In Poland, where persecution has been in effect for many years, he saw Jews hooked over sewing machines eighteen hours a day, trying to earn a livelihood. Others, unemployed, stood helpless. They did not know where to turn—unless to Palestine. All who could were gathering money enough to get to the Zionist colony. Gessner joined their trek.

Tel-Aviv, center of Jewish Palestine, had a Ghetto, Gessner discovered. Again he was shocked. Of course no one had wittingly put the poor Jews in shacks, but the old-world system of segregation on the basis of wealth had been maintained. This interpretation of Zionist Palestine as a city much like any other promises to bring forth loud protest from the leaders of the world-wide movement.

However, the iconoclast has adequate refutation. Seeing is believing. His book presents a photographic confirmation of his contentions, with unposed, obviously truthful shots. "Some of My Best Friends Are Jews" may raise hot controversy in the next few months.

Thumbing the Books

Artists—"America To-day. A Book of One Hundred Prints." (Equinox Cooperative Press; $5.) A vital panorama of America to-day through the medium of 100 etchings, woodcuts, lithographs. Progressive artists of prominence are among the present. The originals of the book are now appearing as a show touring the country.

Cold Feet—"Wake Up Alone and Like It." Anonymous. Illustrated by Gropper. (Macaulay; $1.49.) An at times hilarious take-off on the big three—"Wake Up and Live," "Live Alone and Like It" and "Be Glad You're Neurotic." No inspiration is planned in this little handbook for those with cold feet.

The Bard—"Complete Works of William Shakespeare." Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. (Doubleday, Doran; $3.95.) An unusual value is found here in the Cambridge texts. Temple notes and charming introduction by Christopher Morley. Only deterrent is the Kent illustration—more suitable for an Icelandic saga than Shakespeare.

Napoleon—"No Peace With Napoleon." By General de Caulincourt. (Morrow; $3.) The second and concluding volume of the memoirs of one of Napoleon's confidants. All gatherers of Napoleon lore will find this pre-Elba record indispensable.

Anniversary—"Borzoi Reader." Edited by Carl Van Doren. (Knopf; $3.50.) Twenty-one years after the founding of the house of Knopf, to present to unaware Americans the best of contemporary European writers, Carl Van Doren has selected pieces from their works to refresh the memory. A compact and interesting assortment of selections.

Living Past—"Personal History." By Vincent Sheean. Illustrated by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge. (Doubleday, Doran; $3.75.) This modern classic appears in time for Christmas, handsomely decorated by one of the book trade's foremost illustrators. If there are any who do not own this moving account of an American newspaper man in post-War Europe, now is the time to get a copy.

The Guild Presents—"Theater Guild Anthology." (Random House; $3.50.) After much discussion, the directors of one of New York's foremost theater groups have selected fourteen of its past plays to assemble in one volume. Dubose Heyward's "Porgy," Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland," Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine" are present.

Poetry With Sting—"Not So Deep as a Well." By Dorothy Parker. (Viking Press; $2.50.) All the previously published Parker poetry, enjoyed and otherwise, has been gathered together for those who missed it the first time. Some of the poems wear not so well with the passing of time.

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

amid, among.—"V. R.," Lyme, Conn.—The ruling made by Fernald is: "Following the etymology, *amid* denotes simply position, where one object (in the middle or midst) is surrounded by others, while *among* denotes a mingling, so that one object is intermingled (literally or figuratively) with others." One would say, "The trees grew *amid* the grass"; for *amid* indicates proximity and *among* indefinite association. Yet Martineau used the words in the opposite relation—"*Amid* the crowd and crush of life." Fallows gave us, "A tree *amidst* the garden," and here *amidst* designates something separate from the things that surround it, but surrounded by them nevertheless—the flowers, plants, bushes, etc., that make up the garden.

So this is a matter of choice. But one must not forget that *among* means, "here and there; at intervals," but not at specified or specific intervals.

wake.—"W. J. S.," New York City.—The term *wake* has been traced back to the Old Norse *vaka,* and is met in Swedish in the same form. In Norwegian it is *voka,* and we derive it from Old English *woc* (1200), which became *wake* about the same time. The watching of relatives and friends beside the body of a dead person, and the feasting and drinking that took place during a part of this time was known among the Irish and Scots as long ago as 1400. A *wake* was originally an annual festival or holiday during which time a fair was held, particularly in Scotland. It was the feast of the dedication of the parish church.

The annual fairs held in Lancashire are called *wakes.* The *wakes* are (generally) held on or about the day of the saint to whom a church is dedicated. These are the grand events of the year from which dates are often reckoned; and it is customary for friends from a distance to visit each other during "Wakes week." In England one frequently hears people lamenting that the *Wakes* are beginning—a sure indication that winter is not far off. *Bowdon Wakes* are the earliest, and they have given rise to a proverbial saying—"When Bowdon Wakes is at Bowdon, winter is at Newbridge Hollow." Newbridge Hollow is about two miles from Bowdon. At Mobberley it is, or was, the custom for farmhouse servants to be hired at the Wakes.

The custom of keeping watch over a corpse or holding a funeral *wake* is observed as a feast held on the occasion of a death. The neighbors of the deceased assemble, and spend the night in the room with the corpse, chatting and telling stories. The conversation on such occasions naturally turns to a large extent on the virtues of the departed. Among the lower classes, *wakes* are still very prevalent; beggars have their own *wakes.* A *wake* is quite an expensive ceremony to a poor, struggling workman or tradesman; but he feels he would lose caste without holding it. *Spectator* (November 30, 1889).

Current Poetry

PEACE

BY EDITH TATUM

The east grows luminous with a new day.
The Gulf lies calm, with scarce a rippling wave.
Above, the sky broods, fathomless, serene,
With naught to mar its heavenly blue save
Thin scarves of misty cloud tinted with rose.
No faintest breath of wind stirs sea or cloud.
Night owls have fled into the hidden deeps
Of nearby woods. The noisy crows are cowed
By Nature's mystic quiet hour. The dew
Seems tears in mourning shed, for bodies young
And strong with life, wasted in war's fierce game.
I know that songs of hate could not be sung
By souls which have absorbed this loveliness.
They would forever seek and find release
From ugliness and greed, and voices blend
With those in spirit-land: "*Let us have peace!*"

—*The Catholic World.*

I AM NOT OF A POET'S STUFF

BY L. M. PACKWOOD

I am not of a poet's stuff.
I haven't those singing words
With which to tell—
Why a rounded raindrop, breaking,
Speaks of God to me;
Why a dead rose sweetens my thoughts of Death;
How tall pines whisper and watch;
How a smile can bring more to me
Than material riches—unbounded;
Why each dandelion seems to me
A bit of fallen, summer sun;
Why a Cross raises my eyes
Rather than lowers them;
How I love and hate and live.
I am not of a poet's stuff,
I haven't those singing words with which to tell
Why, if our candle is short-lit
It should yet be bright.

—*Elkridge Evening Sun.*

Marshall

Grace Dickinson Sperling of Chicago, author of two volumes of poetry on Arabia: "Feisal, the Arabian" and "Kharita"

THE DUST BOWL

BY GRACE DICKINSON SPERLING

I am the prairie despoiled, denuded;
Robbed of my heritage, gashed by the plow.
Gone are my lake-beds, vanished the bluejoint—
Blue as a sea wave against a white prow.
Gone the velvet of broad rolling acres,
Dust kills the bunch grass—cured on the stem.
Drained are the marshes, stagnant the rivers,
Trooping geese know I have nothing for them.
Red water willows shining and slender
Break at the lightest touch, brittle and dead,
I am now called America's dust bowl—
I that once counted my wealth by the head . . .
Turn me back to the creatures that loved me,
Precious their stampeding hooves on my breast;
Succulent grass will sprout for their keeping,
Pastures for sheep and wild hay of the best.
Take from my side the gas-driven plowshare—
White men are gluttonous, unthinking fools;
Even the red man sued for my favor,
Guarded, and fought for the sweet water pools.
Turn me back to the creatures that loved me,
Then shall there be no more ruin and wo;
Give me the herds and hard-riding cowboys,
I was not meant for the gang-plow and hoe.

—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

COYOTE

BY RALPH J. DONAHUE

Over the plain dim shadows are moving—
Shadows of gray mist that flee from the sun;
Swiftly they go, yet seem not to hurry,
And fade with the darkness, ever as one!

Spirits of Death in forms of the Living,
Wailing of wrongs that are old as the sky;
Fighting to live, yet asking no quarter,
And dying at last as traitors will die!

Born of the night-wind, with twilight for father;
Old as the mesa, the hilltop, and range;
Fragments of prairie; drift of the wildways—
Drift of the wildways that never can change!

—*Kaleidograph.*

I AM THE CHILD

BY ARTHUR BARDWELL PATTEN

I am the dayspring of the race,
The tender baby's blossom face,
In me the world's far morning smiled—
I am the Child—the Little Child.

And still I come new birth to bring,
In me tomorrow's voices sing,
Through me the generations rise,
I am God's fresh, divine surprize.

All great beginnings wake in me,
And pledge to earth its jubilee,
The kingdom of the undefiled—
I am the Child—the Little Child.

—*Advance.*

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1,847 AGENTS UNROLLING HOLIDAY MAP

Bureaus Arrange Any Trip From African Safari to Llama Ride

A welcome spot in any land . . . for travelers with problems or questions

At Nairobi, Kenya Colony Capital and Africa's leading big-game center, an American hunter strides from a still-chuffing train. He has followed a railway line which helped to abolish slavery along the trail from Mombasa, over which fettered blacks once toiled as human freight-cars.

He has followed the journey Theodore Roosevelt took on an engine cow-catcher twenty-seven years ago when starting his great East African safari. Wiping the perspiration glistening on his brow, the American nimrod gazes out on a lush grassland, teeming with almost all the animals of a circus menagerie.

It is all much different than the New York, swept by bitter winds, he left behind three weeks ago. A grinning native, peaked cap tilted at a sergeant-major's rakish angle, approaches and gives the British Army's stem-winder salute.

"You are *Bwana Williams?*" and, as the American nods, continues:

"*Umbobo, Bwana,* the safari is ready. The guns are stowed, here are your hunting licenses, there is a change of clothing ready. If you wish, we can start at once."

Menagerie—An hour later the long line of native bearers moves out across the grassy upland toward the north end of Lake Manyara, in Tanganyika Territory. There are found the lion and his fiercer leopard cousin, scavenging hyenas and jackals, rarer okapi and bongo, several of the zebra tribe, antelope and gazelle, from towering eland to wee dik-dik, wild dogs, wart-hogs, giraffes, crocodiles, monkeys and four-and-twenty kinds of game birds for a hunter's pie.

Worries are forgotten. In the packs are foodstuffs, tents, clothing, a small arsenal of weapons with plenty of ammunition. Before leaving New York, a great travel agency sent the American hunter an audited account of the expenses to be incurred, received his check and, with adventure ahead, there are no quandaries about how much to pay this or that man, what food to buy, guns to use, or any of the million and one questions arising in a safari.

There are no less than 1,847 accredited travel agents in the United States, experts paid by the big transportation lines to handle all troublesome details of foreign travel for the holiday-maker before he starts. They are part of a great system of bureaus, uniformed representatives of which may be seen on piers and station platforms of five continents.

System—Their work is so systematized that within a few hours' notice they can arrange a hunting trip with everything included, possibly excepting the game, and even the animals are reported on verge of capitulation. Through these travel agents, thousands annually visit abroad without petty annoyances of foreign exchange, hotel choice, transport and unfamiliarity with customs and climates.

Best of all, it costs no more to use travel agencies than it does to fret and fidget working out schedules and itineraries by oneself. These agencies are maintained by commissions received from steamship, railway and hotel interests. Clients pay nothing extra for service even if dealing through smaller agencies, for they generally turn over more difficult problems to larger bureaus, operating on a flat commission rate.

Since the basis of a travel agency is service, there is little travelers can ask which the agency can't answer. Larger companies print their own literature, encompassing all parts of the world, telling how to get there, price ranges, customs, climate, what to wear, eat, how to tip, where to go, what to see, and answer all manner of foolish questions.

Data—All that is general information. For individuals there are infinitely more comprehensive and personal services. Let the prospective traveler but state his wishes and the financial outlay he plans to make and, in a short time, there is a completely worked out itinerary with costs figured to a farthing, accommodations prepared in advance, and no item overlooked.

Tho the client's wishes may range from the most inexpensive way of "doing" Europe in six weeks to a junket of the world's luxury hotels, there is little difference in the smile the agent deals out as he hands over everything from *Queen Mary* tickets to passes for a trip up the Eiffel Tower, all in a neat folder.

Almost anything that can be thought of can be arranged and paid for in advance. Any form of transportation is on tap from transpacific flights in the *China Clipper* to riding on a spitting llama in Peru. Air, rail, ship, canal, jaunting-car or rickshaw are just transport to the travel agent.

Questions—Tho safaris are unusual, they can be arranged. A dog-team for a polar dash has not yet been demanded, but the travel agent scarcely could arch his brow at such a request. More often, however, travel agents are called upon to tell how to get passports and visas, how much to pay for meals, what to eat or drink in special climates, whether there is an American church, doctor or dentist in Bangkok, what baggage to take or where to get an honest-to-goodness cup of coffee in Italy.

Thos. Cook & Son-Wagons-Lits, Inc., were asked by Richard Halliburton, globe-trotter, if they could get him an elephant for a trip over the Alps in Hannibal's footsteps. It was not known whether he made the trip, but Jumbo would have been there had he been wanted. At any rate, last year, Martin Johnson arranged to ship a baby elephant by air and the travel agency did the job to the young pachyderm's taste.

PASSPORTS: One Detail Agencies Can't Arrange; Visas Needed; Customs Red Tape Cut

Passports are the most important of the very few traveling details which can't be arranged through a travel agency. The State Department demands that applicants present themselves in person when submitting documentary evidence of American citizenship.

Prospective voyagers to foreign lands

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should apply three weeks or a month in advance of embarkation date to allow for delays in issuance and insure receipt before departure. There isn't much red tape and rigmarole in getting a passport.

Owing to increasing applications for passports in New York, the State Department has opened an up-town office in Rockefeller Center in addition to the main office in the Sub-Treasury Building, Broad and Wall Streets. Applications may be filed at either of these bureaus, with other branches in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco or almost anywhere in America before a clerk of the United States district court or authorized State court.

Documents—A birth certificate is the best documentary evidence of citizenship. Since these have an amazing faculty for getting lost, a baptismal record, certified copy of that record, or even an affidavit is acceptable. Applicants also must bring to the agency a witness who himself is an American citizen to swear the applicant is the person he represents himself to be.

Two duplicate photographs of standard passport size are required. One of these goes in the passport and the other is for Washington files. Despite all other travel progress, little has been done about the coincidence that all passport photographs appear very much alike, no one but the photographer considering them art.

Passports cost the flat rate of $10, while the photographs average 35 cents each. These countries, however, do not require Americans to carry passports: Bahamas, Barbados, Bermuda, Canada, Cuba, Danzig, Mexico and Newfoundland.

Husbands, wives and minor children may travel on one American passport when making trips together. Passports are valid for two years. At the end of that period they may be renewed for two years by paying $5 and presenting the passport and renewal application form. This can be done by mail. Canceled passports issued since 1918 are accepted as citizenship proof.

Visas—Many countries require visas, usually stamps showing that a consul or consular agent has seen the prospective traveler and extracted a small fee for looking at him. Italy, Switzerland, The Netherlands and Scandinavian States have abolished visa fees. France recently reduced its visa fee (good for two years) to $3.36.

Rumania charges $17.37; Greece, $14.60, and Lithuania, $10. Some nations issue transit visas for a few days at low cost.

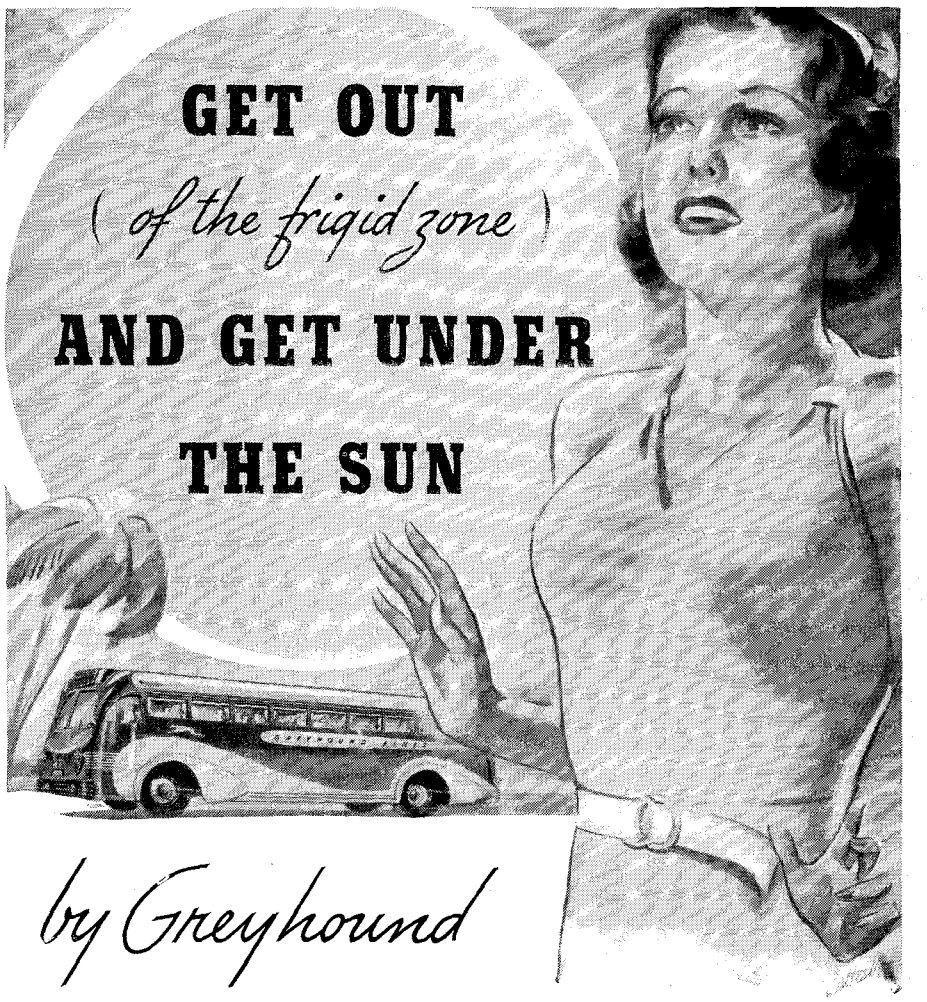
Non-immigrant Britishers and Americans who wish to stretch "hands across the sea" may do it for $2 instead of $10 after April 2, 1937. Britain's policy is to treat visa fees reciprocally on the "eye for eye, tooth for tooth" principle.

This $8 paring is the forty-third under a Congressional Act of February 25, 1925, authorizing reciprocal visa cuts.

Customs—After aliens-control inspectors stamp tourists' visas, the customs authorities must inspect luggage. Since the World War, these regulations have been chopped to the minimum. Despite the definite trend toward slashing red tape, rules regulating registration of money, bonds, negotiable securities and jewelry are enforced rigidly.

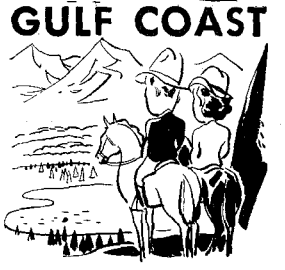
Most European countries require a traveler to declare what currencies he possesses. When debarking, tourists should ask customs officials to provide certificates testifying as to the amounts of money and describing securities and jewelry carried.

Perfumes, liquors, wines, tobacco and, sometimes, typewriters, are subject to



FLORIDA

GULF COAST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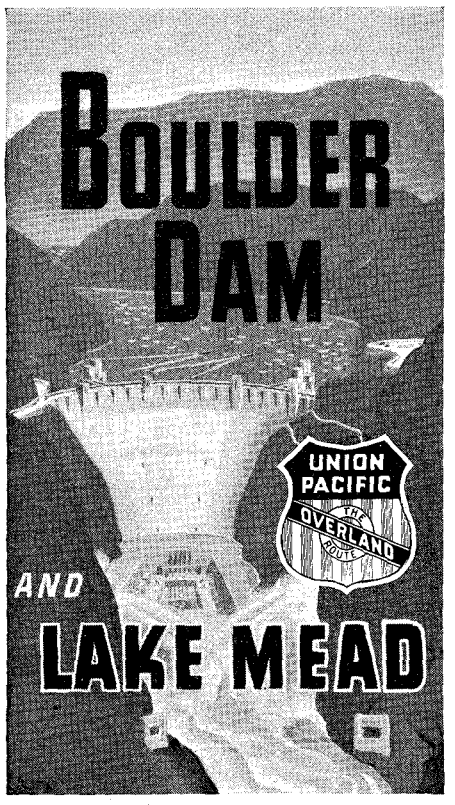

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duties at virtually every frontier. The best policy is to make frank declarations and show every courtesy in dealing with the lords of the customs.

Home—Returning home, travelers must pass through the United States customs. All articles bought abroad must be declared, foreign costs and values being given. In meeting the customs officials, presentation of original receipted bills helps to avoid complications.

United States residents may bring in $100 worth of personal or household effects, souvenirs and curios free of duty. Customs officials make proper deductions and they'll do that without a tip.

LUGGAGE: "Travel Light" Is Shopping Counselor's Advice Whether for Long or Short Trip

Buying luggage for a trip anywhere, long or short, the travel-wise watchword is: "Take enough, but not too much." Hand baggage is sufficient for brief holidays where tourists don't need special dress and sport clothing; one or two trunks are needed to accommodate larger wardrobes for longer sojourns at fashionable resorts.

While travel agencies arrange all bothersome details of trips to most parts of the world, giving accurate details as to what is being worn at anything from an afternoon of bridge in an English country-seat to a durbar by an Indian maharaja, many American department stores also specialize in shopping counsel.

Compact—For the weight-saving demands of automotive and aeronautical travel, there are unusually compact pieces of luggage, no heavier than five pounds, into which an astonishing quantity of necessities may be stowed without excess-baggage charges.

There are knockabout bags of soft leather which can be crammed into odd corners and rawhide luggage of all sizes, light in weight yet so durable that the leather can not be bent to form corners, but must be riveted in separate pieces.

Last word for the traveling executive is a trunk opening to set out a typewriter, movable rack for copy, filing compartments, book-shelf and other cubby-holes for stationery, letters and samples, the whole being mounted on a swivel with more fluency of motion than the executive's own secretary.

Family—Suppose a father, mother and two débutante daughters were to make a Mediterranean cruise. They would be advised to take luggage which would be least cumbersome in staterooms, yet available at all times. With sports clothing predominating, hat and shoe space is at a premium. There are special cases with notched compartments for shoes, room for hats and stockings.

Lest this is not enough, there are separate shoe-cases holding anything from bedroom mules to evening slippers. Small, compact "taxi" trunks take an amazing quantity of clothing. There are "wardrolettes" having space for suits or dresses with removable hangers for hotel closets and many partitions for odds and ends. These will hold three men's suits or eight or nine women's dresses.

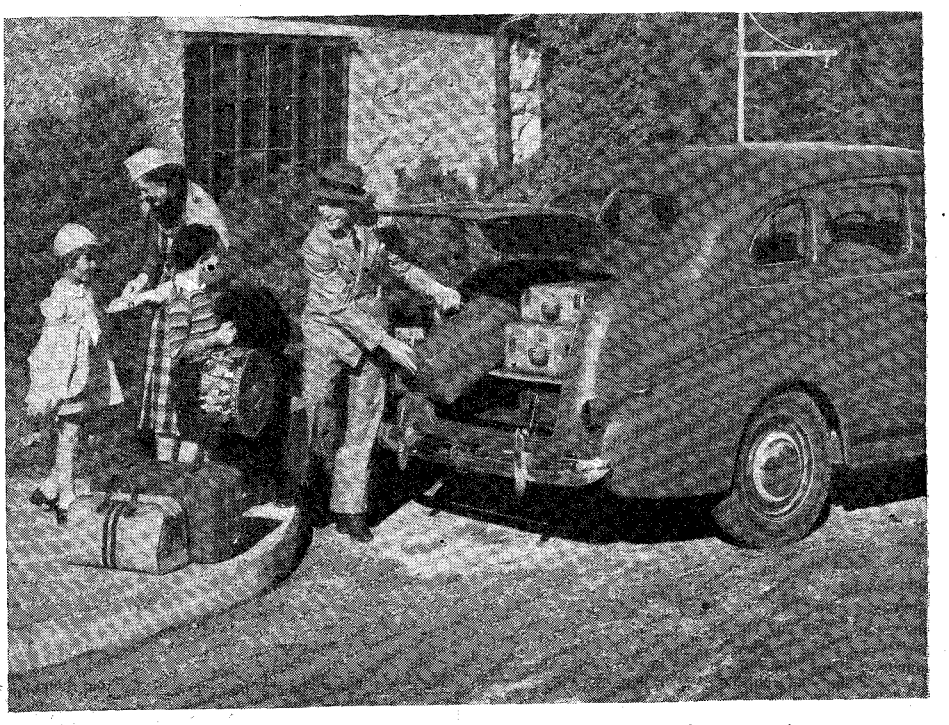
Traveling-kits yield everything from razor and shaving equipment to nail-files, hair-brushes and collar-buttons and studs for dress-wear while the feminine counterpart is the large vanity-case with numbered bottles for perfumes, lotions, powder, toilet necessities and even a nightgown, all compactly arranged.

For soiled clothing there is a solidly fashioned canvas hamper, folding into a packet not much larger than a brief-case. All these articles may be stowed into a stateroom without getting under foot, while all luggage is matched, making it easily identifiable going through the customs.

Needed—Itemized, the cruising family buys these articles:

1 "taxi" trunk	$77-108
3 "wardrolettes"	45-70
1 toilet-case	37.50
1 vanity-case	85.00
1 hat-and-shoe case	38.50
1 shoe-case	45.00
1 laundry hamper	12.50

Thus, for seven pieces of heavy luggage and two of hand baggage, a family of four gets by with a minimum of $340.50.



Going by automobile: special compact luggage is available for touring

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TIPPING: Travel-Wise Tourists Know When and How to Reward Service Wherever They Go

"Porter ma'm?" "Red Cap?" "Take your bags, miss?" Smiling deliciously, the young lady hands half a dollar to the porter who has herded her so tenderly through the 500-mile train journey. Then she turns and designates several of the grinning, scraping black boys. Snatching up her myriad hat-boxes and suitcases, they hustle her out to a taxi. (See cover.)

Ten cents for each piece of luggage must be their portion; this adds up to $1.60. From the station to her hotel is but a short ride. The meter reads thirty cents, but the hackney regards an extra dime as his just due. To the bell-hops who tote her bags up to her room she throws another $1.60. Then ten cents to a boy who brings her a pitcher of ice water.

Stopping to compute quickly, the young lady finds she has doled out $3.90 in tips in perhaps fifteen minutes. Must she encircle the world distributing largess at this rate? She must if she expects to get prompt service in her travels.

Aboard—On shipboard there will be at least three who will expect tips. On any first-class ship the table and room stewards get $5 each for a transoceanic crossing. The deck steward must receive at least $2 (fifty cents less if she did not have a deck-chair).

English tipping presents no particular problem to the American traveler. Standards are the same; the traditional 10 per cent. being the unwritten law.

Europe—In many European countries, Governments have taken the tipping problem in hand. In Germany and Italy 10 per cent. is added to the bill by law. Supposedly it is illegal to accept a tip.

France recently passed a law making it compulsory to add a 15 per cent. *pourboire* (tip) to the bill. In French theaters the patron buys a program from an usher for fifty centimes (about two cents), customarily gives the usher the change from a franc (now 4½ cents).

In Russia there is no tipping. Russians do not regard themselves as servants. To them, it is an honor to wait on travelers for the good of the State.

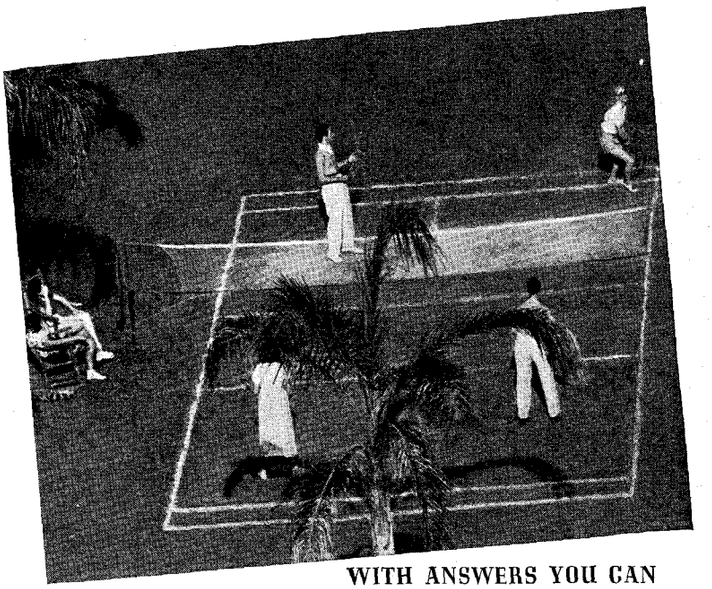
Bakshish—In Northern Africa and most of the Mohammedan countries *bakshish* springs up to annoy the tourist. A few coppers are enough to give any one who actually has rendered a service, but begging is well organized. The Egyptian Government has requested that tourists bestow money only in return for service.

A visitor to Mexico may find that his guide is a college professor, well paid for his job. This man will accept a handshake and a *muchas gracias*, or an invitation to dinner, but to offer him a tip would be to wound his Latin dignity. Not so the Mexican dragoman, who for $5 (Mex.) will lead the tourist to a *recherché* night-club.

Throughout the Orient, where a little money will buy more, tipping is proportionately lower. In India, for instance, the traveler is expected to leave alms for the priests of the temples he visits. A handful of pies (worth about 1/5 of a cent each) will buy many bowls of rice.

In Japan the universal 10 per cent. is more than adequate. There, as in China, the rickshaw boys get a straight fare, are not tipped.

Here are the 5 questions most often asked about SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



WITH ANSWERS YOU CAN DEPEND ON IN PLANNING YOUR WINTER VACATION

1 ***How much time do we need?*** Much less than you'd suppose. Schedules are faster this year than ever before. Even from New York, Southern California is just overnight by plane; 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by motor or stage, 2 weeks through the Panama Canal.

2 ***How much money do we need?*** Again, less than you'd suppose. Vacation costs here are 15% to 32% under the average of 20 leading U. S. resorts. (That difference can just about pay your traveling expense.)

3 ***What's there to do and see?*** Bask in the sunshine and thaw the winter chill out of your bones. Sail to enchanted pleasure islands. Ride, fish, play tennis, polo. Tee off under a stately palm. Pick a winter at Santa Anita. Explore the Sierras and giant forests, orange groves, Spanish missions, gay, modern Hollywood!

4 ***Can we count on good weather?*** Astronomers at the world-famous Mt. Wilson observatory pronounce Southern California ideal for its clear skies *the year round*. Sun shines an average of 355 days out of 365. Every day can be spent out of doors. Night brings stars, gay music and the heady fragrance of orange blossoms.

5 ***Where shall we stay?*** Los Angeles, big, cosmopolitan, a world center for citrus, oil and shipping; Hollywood or delightful nearby cities of Los Angeles County—Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Pasadena, Glendale, Long Beach, Pomona...at any of dozens of alluring places.

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Come for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

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Wheels

TRAVEL BY RAIL, LEAVE LUNCH AT HOME

Lordly Diner Now Meets All Purses—Even Stream-Lined

With the traveling public demanding speed and more speed, plus novelties in design, colorful exteriors and modernistic interior appointments, railroads are adding more stream-lined trains to their equipment. Operating costs as low as thirty cents a mile for light-weight, three-car, stream-lined trains propelled by Diesel motors indicate marked reductions in passenger-traffic expenses.

Longer stream-lined trains are being added on a rapidly-expanding scale. This trend will be reflected in railway earnings, for not only will they reduce substantially present costs of steam trains, but they have proved remarkably successful in reattracting patronage to the rails.

By the end of this year, there will be at least twenty-one stream-lined, Diesel-powered trains in operation in America, making between five and six million miles annually. Some Diesels are making at least 31,450 miles monthly, against the highest steam locomotive records of 19,200 miles.

Maintenance costs appear to be low; speed is limited only by track conditions, and initial cost per horse-power is only $100—half of what it was a decade ago.

Recapture—Querying *Zephyr* passengers on the Chicago-Twin Cities run, the Burlington Lines learned that had it not been for this superservice, 11 per cent. of its patrons would have traveled by automobile; 5 per cent. by bus and 8 per cent. by air-line. Thus, 24 per cent. of the total patronage was "created" business, recaptured from other modes of transportation.

Within a stream-lined train, engineering genius, modern craftsmanship and inspired decorative art are harmonized from the air-splitting prow of the first mighty power-car through sprightly cocktail-lounge, perfectly appointed coaches, colorful diner and four restful sleeping-cars to gracefully tapered stern of spacious observation lounge.

Space-conserving design creates cars wider inside than conventional equipment with an increased dimension apparent in ampler seats and berths and greater all-around roominess. Cars are built of stainless steel, by far the strongest and most permanent of all modern alloys.

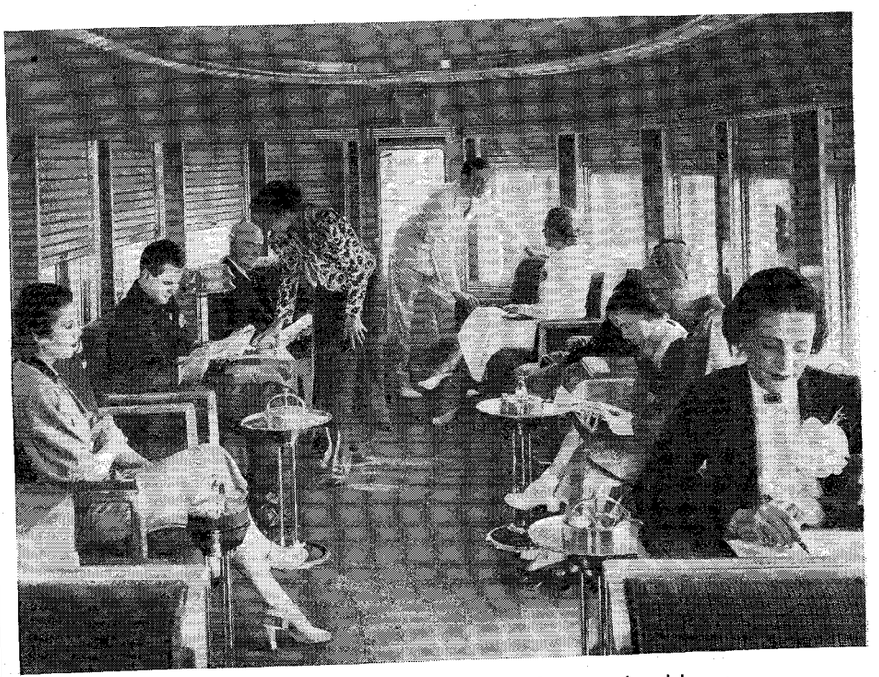
Complete air-conditioning, double-width windows and a variety of mechanical improvements consolidate the latest inventions with proved railroad practise.

One of these innovations is the all-room car for those desiring or requiring new privacy. There are six of the new bedrooms, three compartments and a drawing-room. Various *en suite* combinations are possible for families or friends traveling together. Each room is equipped with private lavatory and wash-stand, illuminated electric clock, personal radio, individual temperature control and an outlet for electric razor or curling-iron.

Names—Some term one of these rooms a "stateroom"; others a "private room" or "drawing-rooms," but sophisticated travelers know exactly what type of space they occupy and, by referring to it correctly, win the immediate respect of the Pullman's "George."

There is a name for each type of Pullman space. The drawing-room contains an upper and lower berth, a sofa and connecting private toilet. It accommodates three persons. A compartment is somewhat the same, altho without sofa. It offers room for two passengers and costs less than a drawing-room. A double bedroom is still smaller, with a sofa and an upper berth.

It is in the once-lordly railroad dining-car that the real revolution in transportation is taking place. No longer is a bill-of-fare shoved under the traveler's nose with a "take-it-or-leave-it" air. Alluring surroundings, attentive service and skilful



Stream-lined observation lounge . . . comfort, speed and luxury

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cuisine combine to arouse and delight keen appetites.

Modern trends find full expression in the forty-place diner. Gleaming silver, sparkling glassware, snow-white linen and wide windows accentuate gay colors. An "air-curtain" at the entrance to the chef's pantry keeps kitchen odors from the dining-room while special air-conditioning makes corridors adjoining the kitchen immune to the range's heat.

Cuisine—Kitchens are marvels of compact efficiency, immaculate in stainless-steel fittings. Batteries of electric refrigerators are amply stocked with fresh fruits and vegetables, prime meats and choice poultry, along with the finest of dairy products.

From these scientific culinary workshops emerge piping hot or crisply cold courses which make *table-d'hôte* economy meals the traveler's delight. Even cheaper is the tray-service for coach and tourist-sleeper passengers featured by the Burlington Lines with breakfasts at twenty-five and thirty cents, lunches for thirty and fifty cents.

Like some other roads, the Great Northern serves fifty-cent lunches and seventy-five-cent dinners, while the Southern Pacific offers a group of low-priced combination meals augmented by the famous "help-yourself" salad-bowl.

Baltimore & Ohio carries the banner in the East for low-priced dining service, its new stream-lined trains having a tavern lunch-counter with even lower-priced dishes than the diner.

Competition has forced the railroads to offer "bargain meals." With prices nose-diving, the roads are offering combinations made up of foods in season. New York Central specializes in sandwich plates and salad-bowls. Santa Fe maintains its Harvey Houses at stations for lower-priced meals and is putting on extra diners. Chicago & North Western has placed steam-tables in coaches to provide low-cost luncheons and dinners.

Trays—In the East, there are elaborate tray-services out of the diners. Inexpensive meals, such as toast and coffee, fruit juices and sandwiches are put into deep metal trays and distributed through every car by a waiter, in dining-car parlance the "upstairs man."

In the West, a similar service, called the "five-and-dime diner," is operated by the news-venders. They buy supplies from railroad commissaries, store them in tourist-cars and wheel them between the aisles on wickerwork "jitneys."

Stream-lined speed has resulted in fewer station stops to give hungry passengers time to bolt pie and coffee at fifteen-minute halts. Return of legal liquor has created fancy new bar-cars, club-cars and tavern-cars where appetites may be whetted. After a cocktail or two, the diner is the logical place to go.

In appearance, the stream-lined diner is as alive with chromium and mirrors as a modernistic cocktail-lounge. As an example, take the New York Central's *Mercury* on the Detroit-Cleveland run. It combines the fine cuisine of a hotel with the luxury of a night-club.

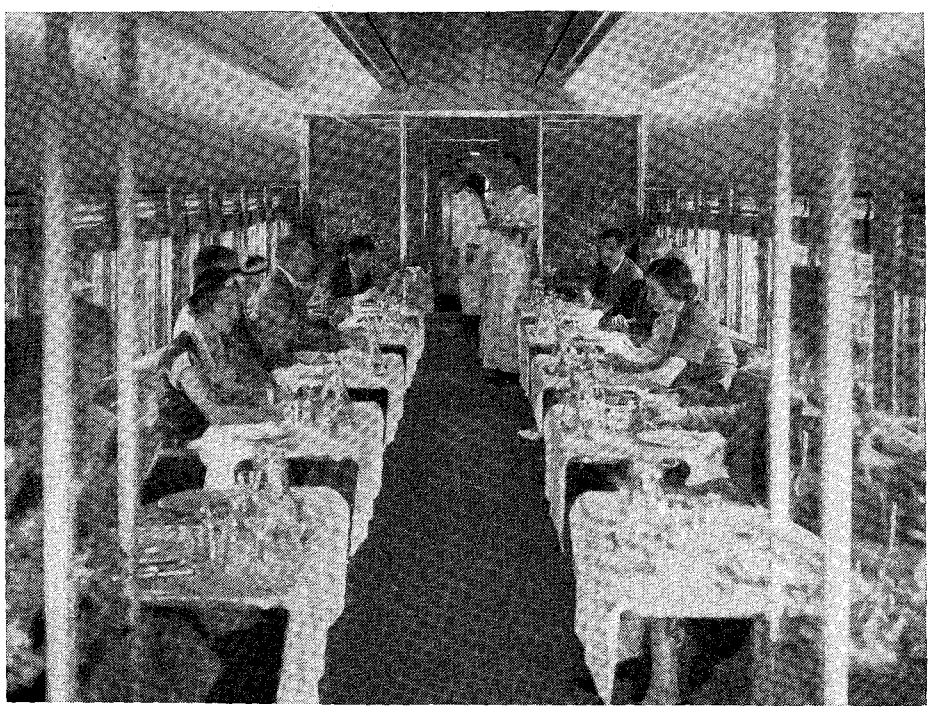
The diner has modernistic decorations, indirect lighting, blue leather upholstery, frosted glassware, specially designed dishes and fresh-cut flowers every day. Actually, there are three dining-rooms in one, divided by glass semipartitions. The center section is made up of tables for two, each lighted with a small table-lamp.

Cooks—There is a chef for garnishing and inspecting, a second cook for frying and roasting, two broilers, one fish and vegetable man and a dish-washer. Their boss is the steward, the road's professional host.

Tho he still orders provisions from the greatly improved commissaries of the day and supervises preparation of meals in a general way, he still has plenty of time to play mine host, for details of diner service have become so well established that he no longer must act as a *Simon Legree* over his dusky charges.

Still holding responsibility over the car, the steward spends most of his time making patrons feel at home. He is selected largely on the strength of his manners and personality and his own ability to analyze the passenger's personality.

By changing their policy, the railroads have filled the diners. No longer do the first, second and third-and-last call for dinner result in attracting only a handful of passengers with the rest of them sitting stolidly in day-coaches, munching the provender they brought along from home.



Modern diner . . . scene of the real revolution in transportation

WESTERN TRAVEL NEWS

New Western Travel Guide Published

HOW TO SEE THE WHOLE PACIFIC COAST—*Southern Pacific Railroad* (Free).

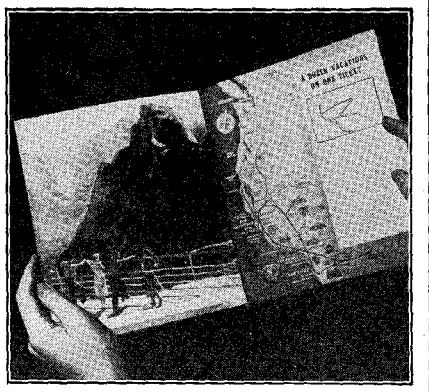
—So might a reviewer head his description of a new Southern Pacific booklet, just off the press.

No ordinary bit of travel literature is this. To get new pictures for it, photographers combed the Pacific Coast, Southern Pacific's **Four Scenic Routes,** the luminous depths of **Carlsbad Caverns,** the **West Coast of Mexico.** From more than a thousand pictures, 82 were selected for the book. Two special maps were drawn.

Theme of the booklet: Go west on one Southern Pacific route and return on a different one. See the whole Pacific Coast for little or no extra rail fare.

LITERARY DIGEST readers planning a trip west this winter or next summer will find *How to See the Whole Pacific Coast* a valuable aid. For a free copy, write **O. P. Bartlett,** Dept. LD-12, 310 So. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

Lowest winter roundtrip fares in history are now in effect to and from **California, Southern Arizona** and other western regions. For example, $86 roundtrip between Chicago and California in standard Pullmans (plus berth); $68.80 in tourist sleeping cars (plus berth); $57.35 in chair cars.



New Booklet
From more than a thousand pictures . . .

SUN SPOTS

Official weather records prove that America's sunniest winter region is the **Southwest:** the resort and dude ranch country of **Southern Arizona** and **Palm Springs, California.** To these sun spots, only Southern Pacific has direct, main line trains: *Golden State Limited* (Chicago-Los Angeles) and *Sunset Limited* (New Orleans-Los Angeles-San Francisco). California's sunny seacoast resorts at **Santa Barbara** and **Del Monte** are also served exclusively by Southern Pacific trains.

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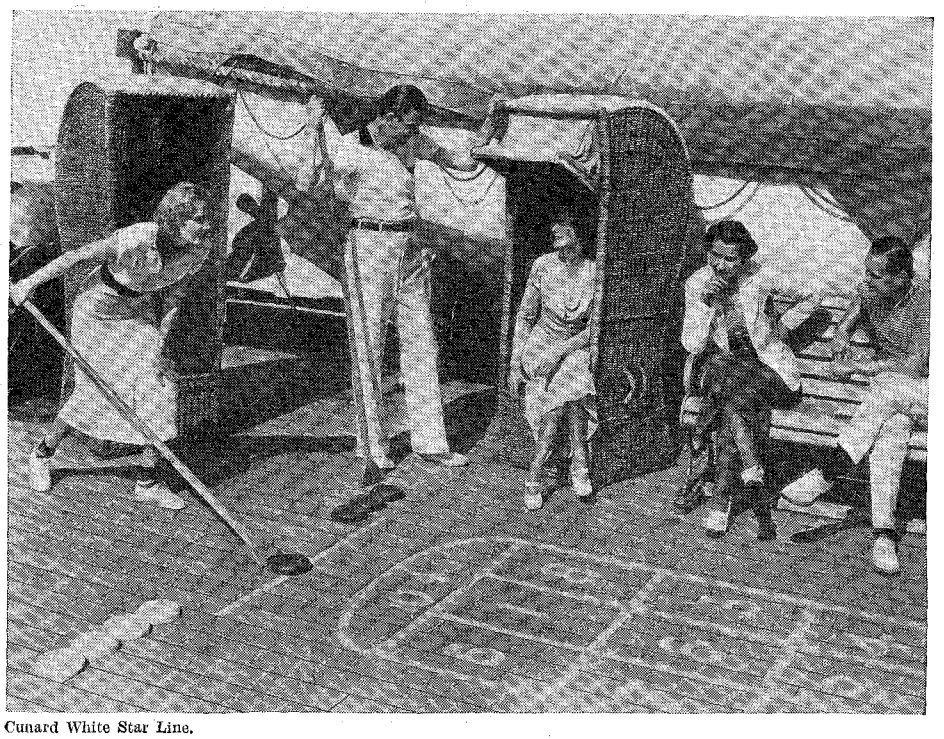
CRUISING AROUND OVER SEVEN SEAS

Pity Manager of Floating Hotel, With 104 Problems in 104 Days



Cunard White Star Line.

Shuffle-board . . . perennial favorite among deck-games

People go places not only to see things, but to get away. There's no better way to get away from it all than to take a world cruise. People are taking longer cruises, doing less haggling over prices.

To-day, this cruise business is better off than it has been for half a decade. There are 129 scheduled cruises to the West Indies and Central and South America, as compared with eighty-three last year.

This all is in addition to the regular year-round sailings to many ports included in the itineraries of transatlantic lines and services between the Americas.

There are to be sixty-one "short" cruises as compared with thirty-seven last year and sixty-eight "long" cruises as compared with forty-six last winter. "Long" cruises cover voyages from United States Atlantic ports to one or more places in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and northern parts of South America, except cruises to Nassau and Havana or Nassau, Bermuda or any single port in the West Indies.

Idlers—Six years ago the "short" cruise was unknown. There were round-the-world cruises lasting four months, European cruises lasting six weeks and occasional trips in the Americas lasting three weeks or a month. For the most part, however, big ocean greyhounds lay idle between trips when the tourist season was at its apex as well as when it was in its nadir.

Rusty bottoms went right on rusting, insurance payments fell due, rents had to be paid and the overhead was terrific. Then, in 1930, a smart young travel agent, Ralph Dellevie, came along to change the cruising picture. Inventing the "short" cruise, he put sea travel within reach of a new public.

Boldly chartering three liners, he advertised in newspapers and sent all three ships out on a single day with the "Standing Room Only" sign hung on each. It became possible to take a cruise from three days to three weeks at moderate cost; one could go anywhere or nowhere.

Voyagers rested or, as there was no prohibition law twelve miles out, drank decent liquor instead of bathtub gin. Amid the nation's greatest depression a new market was created.

Sea-Change—For one thing, the "short" cruise changed the time of year wherein a substantial part of the traveling public makes holiday.

Three-fifths of all cruise passengers, winter and summer, come from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts. New York City alone accounts for thirty-six out of every hundred seagoing travelers.

A decade ago, when there were only long cruises, there usually were more women than men—about sixty-five out of every hundred voyagers. This ratio still holds good on shorter cruises.

That disproportion is a perennial headache to the cruise director, for the success of the trip rests on his shoulders. He has as many responsibilities and duties as Noah had when he launched his *Ark*.

His staff may consist of anywhere between three and a dozen assistants. A solid-looking business man who wears gold-rimmed spectacles and a habitually serious expression, the cruise director smiles only when the trip is over and all his hundred-odd charges are safely on the way to their homes.

Manager—For the greater part of the cruise the director would not know he was at sea but for the slight roll of his office as the liner dips greeting to each successive wave. The director is the manager of a complex marine hotel, dividing his time between obtaining efficient service for his charges while the ship is at sea and finding proper diversion for them at the few or many ports of call on the itinerary.

As one of the many changes wrought by repeal, the ship's bar has ceased to be a cynosure. All cruises now have motion-pictures, dances, games and contests to keep the customers amused—if they want to be. The director spends a good part of his time mapping out programs long before the cruise starts. No two groups are exactly alike or can be treated quite alike.

In another sense, the cruise director is assistant captain of the ship. He must watch sailing schedules and hold many a conference with the skipper on tides at harbors scheduled as ports of call. If the great liner can get into a harbor only on a high tide and the powers that be have seen fit to make the tide high at 6 P.M. rather than 10 A.M., as called for by schedule, the entire itinerary may be thrown out of gear. It's up to the cruise director to decide which port (if any) must be skipped.

Problems—Mrs. Smythe doesn't care for the glaring spot of sunlight hovering over her deck-chair. She has talked to the steward in charge of the chairs, but he merely shook his head lugubriously and pointed out that all chair-space had been bespoken. So she flounces into the cruise director's office and he, poor fellow, must drop everything to attend to Mrs. Smythe.

Then, Mrs. Jones discovers that her portholes give her a fine glimpse of the sunset but not a single peek at dawn on the far horizon. Of course, the cruising liner eventually will change her direction and remedy this, but, meanwhile, Mrs. Jones won't see her sunrise. What better way than to call on the cruise director?

It is the round-the-world cruises which require the most complete and complex personnel, altho some West Indian and Mediterranean jaunts are close runners-up. World cruises this year are wide and varied. One follows a regular route, with regular ports of call and fixed sailing schedules, touching at Hawaii, Japan, China, Philippine Islands, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Suez Canal, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa and Marseilles. This complete voyage around the world might be made on one ship in 104 days.

Routine—Usually on the first night out, the cruise director presents his staff at a meeting in the summer garden. A classical concert precedes and follows the short session. Passengers learn that the director's office is open between 10 A.M. and noon and 3 and 5 P.M. Those are busy hours.

Second evening out, perhaps, is all-States night, when representatives of the several States form delegations to present stunts or charades. Then, the next day, the many ladies traveling alone hold a tea-party while the unattached gentlemen meet for a smoker. Then, too, clubs are organized including a camera club for snap-shotters; college club for the ever-present old grads; little theater for drama-lovers and perhaps seagoing Rotary and Kiwanis groups.

Aide—The cruise director's right bower is the social director, often an attractive woman with the gift of tactful mixing. She is anywhere between thirty-five and fifty. In turn, she may have assistants who direct deck-games, handle details of tournaments, get up boxing-bouts and invent contests for red-blooded voyagers.

The social director is the contact between unattached and shy travelers who are just dying to say a nice word to the golden-

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haired débutante or the slick-locked young collegian. She makes proper introductions, based on uncanny judgment and weaves the sailing list into a congenial group.

Another of the cruise director's staff is the official lecturer, a harassed chap who must be able to say something interesting about every stopping place. Armed with batches of lantern-slides or cinema film, an atlas, a good dictionary and notes from a flock of previous lectures, he enthralls the passengers in the darkened dining saloon before a port of call is reached.

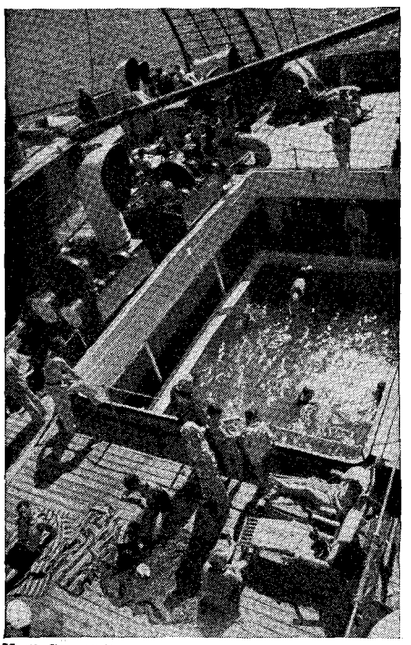
Travelog—If the traveler is sober enough to catch all the lecturer says, chances are he will know everything worth knowing about the next port including population, industries, climate, restaurants, hotels, conveyances, historic background and the sharp trading practises of the natives.

He it is who tells what will be the means of travel on the morrow, time of arrival and departure and expenses on shore. Cross between stentorian orator of a traveling medicine-show and a Burton Holmes, the lecturer often is a former newspaper reporter, ex-clergyman or erstwhile cruise director who likes to hear himself talk.

As for the heart interest, the careful cruise director hasn't forgotten the lovelorn. Romance flourishes and the director must keep a weather eye on impressionable young women and an eagle eye on seagoing *Romeos*.

Lotharios—Quite often on a cruise there will be a knot of unattached young fellows who pay marked attention to as many as a half-dozen young ladies. Rarely does it get out that these energetic swains are guests of the cruise, carried as superdancing supercargo. Their job is never to sit out a dance, for, invariably, there are more women on a cruise than men, and such men as do pay their way include a relatively small proportion of marathon dancers.

Through the diligence of the cruise director and his staff, travelers meet new friends, like them tremendously and swear to "look them up some time." Few emotional attachments last beyond the wharf. But the cruise director doesn't care a rap about that; he's satisfied if he can keep his flock congenial for 104 days.



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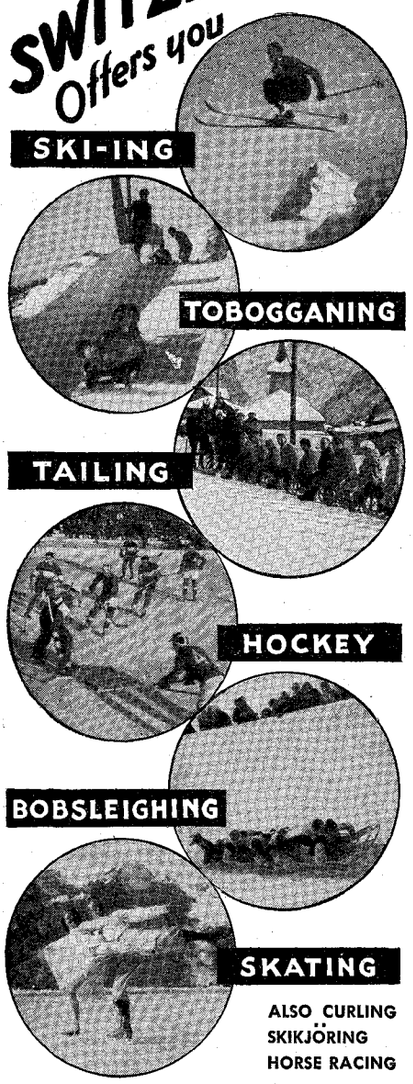

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Part of the commercial and social order, air-planes go along with railroads, steamships, factories, department stores, motion-pictures and radiobroadcasting as bold facets of the current design for living.

Within the continental United States there are 28,216 miles of air-ways over which twenty-one passenger transport-planes shuttle with clockwork monotony. There are 40,567 miles of Pan American Airways flung over Latin America, Alaska and across the Pacific to Hawaii, the Philippines and, soon, China, reached in a little less than a week instead of nearly a month.

Next year, Bermuda will be but a five-hour hop from New York. Twenty-hour flights to Europe are just beyond the horizon. Overnight from New York or Chicago, American heliophants can bask in tropical suns. Within a week they can span the West Indies, fly over and through the banana republics of Central America, with only two of the seven days spent in traveling.

Horizon—Three days is the time to a score of lands—the Guianas and Ecuador. Peru, the Amazon delta, Chile and Central Brazil are less than four days away, while Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires are less than five days from blustery North America. Aviation has broadened the world's horizons.

From Coast to Coast it is but seventeen hours by sixteen-berth flying sleeping-cars. Five major air-lines are cooperating in ordering forty-passenger, four-motored transports to set new standards in moving passengers, mail and express.

Winter time-tables on the sky-routes are in full swing. There are more facilities for flying in sharp weather than ever before. More services, better air-ports (2,402 of them) and multiengined air-liners with heated cabins link comfort to speed.

Even veteran air-travelers, scooting through the clouds, give little thought to intricate organizations, on the ground as well as aloft, which insure dependable and rapid functioning on the air-ways.

Comfort—Out on the tarmac the giant transport-plane stands, its four big motors ticking over gently. From a long motor-coach, passengers enter spacious cabins in which every detail has been thought out according to the maxim of "comfort first."

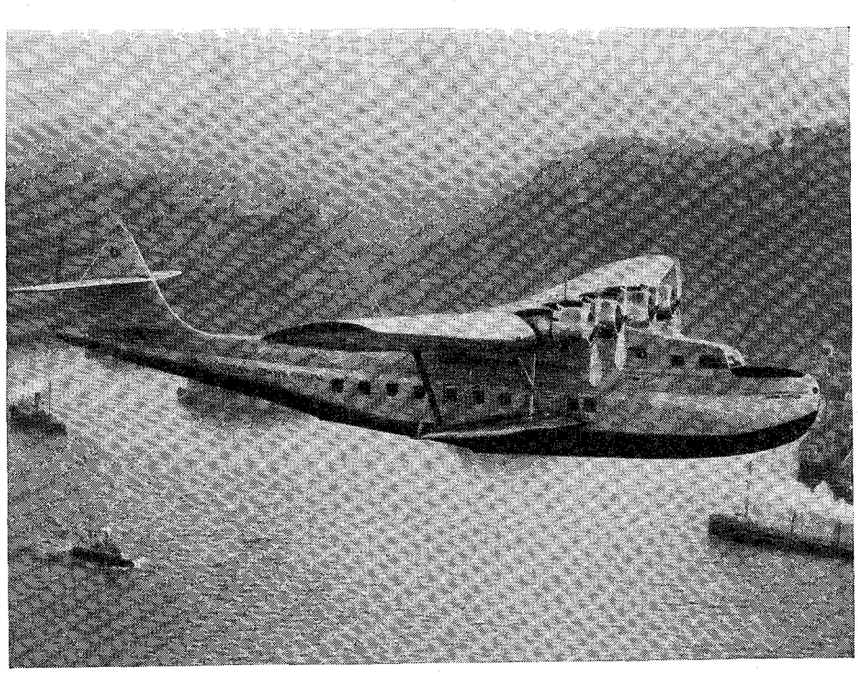
They are scientifically heated, ventilated and sound-proofed. Even the chairs resulted from long research. Meals are prepared by skilful stewards or stewardesses. Pilot, copilot and flight engineer are masters of their art, with experience in the air extending over thousands of hours.

Every air-liner is subjected to maintenance and overhaul as nearly perfect as aeronautical engineering can make it. Before every flight Federal law requires that a transport-plane must be passed as air-worthy in every respect. Every adjustment is checked and rechecked before flying.

Between each flight the plane passes through the hands of skilled engineers. Periodically it comes to the hangars for routine overhaul. This is true, too, for the engines that propel the air-liner. They are overhauled by methods leaving nothing to chance.

Radio—Then, there is a highly developed system of air-way control through radio-beacons and flashing signal-lights. Weather-reports crackle constantly from air-port to plane in transit. Night and day, wireless messages give pilots bearings and positions, bringing them into air-dromes with homing and blind-landing devices.

Powerful floodlights turn darkness into day at air-ports, with twinkling boundary



Climax of air travel: the "China Clipper" leaves San Francisco's foggy harbor . . .

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and obstruction lights outlining landing-fields and wind-indicators which not only tell the drift of air-currents but their strength.

Apart from pilots, radiomen, flight engineers and stewards and stewardesses, modern air-ways maintain extensive, highly-trained ground-crews. In the shops are engineers, mechanics and artizans of many different grades and in the head offices the executive staffs—controlling brains of a far-flung enterprise. Altogether, there are almost 300,000 miles of regularly-flown lines which now nearly girdle the globe—and will by this time next year.

Drama — Shoving a twenty-five-and-one-half ton flying-boat from San Francisco, thickset with "pea-soup" fogs, to Hawaii, fortunate isles of perennial sunshine, is the currently spectacular drama of an era of winged travel.

In the Alameda Air-port waiting-room, a bell jangles and loud-speaker barks: "Passengers for the *China Clipper* will please go aboard."

Slipping through a hatch in the *Clipper's* after section, half-a-dozen who have paid $366 one-way fare or bought a round-trip ticket for $648 board the great flying-boat and take their seats. The outboard engine on the left wing stutters, then comes to life. A second later the outboard propeller to the right starts twirling.

Momentarily, they seem to be standing still, all four motors idling until they roar in unison and the *Clipper* moves forward. Corrugated surfaces of the pontoons trace patterns on the water. As the hull plows through the choppy waves a white spume begins spraying port-holes as speed increases.

With mounting crescendo the motors are accelerated steadily to full 3,200 horse-power. There is a slight twisting motion as the waves unwillingly release the slippery hull and final splashing at the ports as the plane surges aloft. It takes just forty-five seconds to take off with full 51,000-pound load.

Up—As the *Clipper* slowly climbs in widening circles, passengers watch the land fall away while misty clouds move in to greet the ascending craft, her dull metal sides blending with the gray mist through which the plane slithers, almost part of the air itself. A low haze shrouds the Golden Gate below as the flying-boat straightens out several thousand feet up.

Point Bonita flashes by as the course is shaped toward Hawaii, 2,410 miles away. At 8,000 feet there is nothing in sight but clouds with a dull, empty void between plane and dark, oily water. Yet, the navigator looks at his chart, checks the time and rapidly jots down exact position.

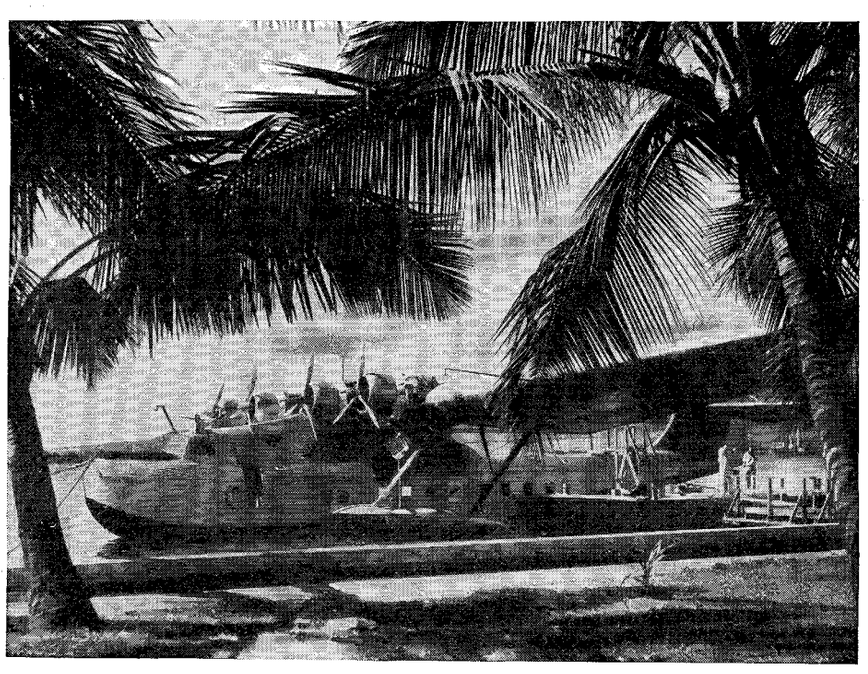
A door shuts off the flying bridge from the rest of the ship. It is inky dark in the control-cabin, but glowing dials on the instrument-board silhouette the skipper and his first officer, sitting comfortably. Their heads turn alertly to right and left, but, even in this dim light, it can be seen that their hands are folded, neither grasping controls. "Metal Mike," the robot pilot, flies the ship, tho all six airmen on board know how to do that job.

Gadgets—In a triangular space formed by struts and framework where sleek wing and hull are molded together is the "throne-room of the god of gadgets," as air-port mechanics call the flight engineer's cubby-hole. Strapped into a bucket-seat, amid bewildering gadgetry, sits the "gadgeteer." Reading dial after dial he jots notes on a clip-board between his knees and calls the bridge by telephone. Any change in the *Clipper's* 3,200 horse-power pulse is recorded. From time to time the engineer peers out of his ports to inspect the four huge motors by flash-light.

This "throne-room" is the heart just as the bridge is the brain in this almost human flying-machine.

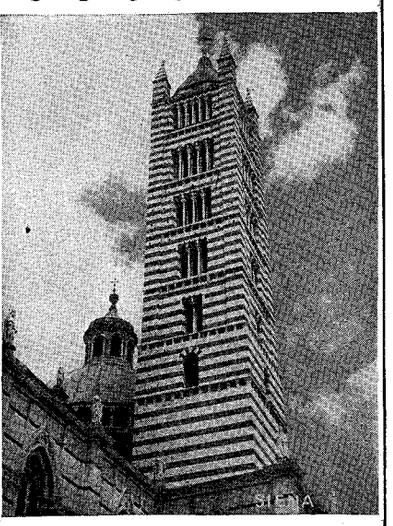
With half a dozen Powers battling for supremacy over the air-ways, Pan American, for the United States, is pinning its bid on personnel. Already, this line has thirty-one graduate captains, sixty-three first officers, forty-eight flight engineers, eight junior pilots and fourteen apprentice pilots. And there are 128 more in training, ready to take the air when six two-deck, forty-one-ton Boeing *Clippers* are delivered. These will transport sixty passengers in the day or forty (sleeping) at night.

Safety, speed and comfort stand back of the iron men who sail the twentieth century Yankee clippers.



. . . for the warm sunshine and tropical beauty of Hawaii, 2,410 miles away

SUNNY ITALY



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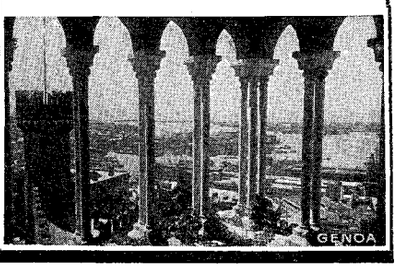

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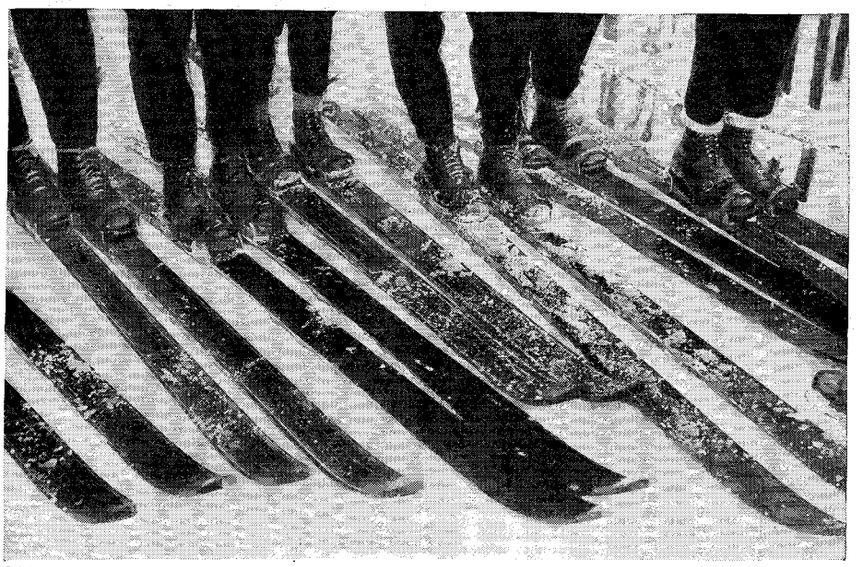
MILLIONS PREPARE FOR WINTER SPORTS

Skiing, Sledding, Skating and Even Swimming Among Thrills



© Keystone

Set to go: skiing addicts are increasing by leaps and bounds in the United States

Tripping along sedately harmless novice ski trails or hurtling down blood-curdling, mile-a-minute bob-sled runs, from the Austrian Tyrol and Japan's snow-blanketed peaks to their own mountainous back yards, more Americans than ever before will, during the next three months, join the growing millions who find winter sports the most fascinating and thrilling of all athletic diversions.

With sales of skis, sleds, skates and other cold-weather paraphernalia booming to new heights, and with prophets anticipating a rip-roaring, "old-fashioned" winter, the outdoor sports that, for Americans at least, are virtual newcomers, will probably draw the hugest followings in their history.

Boom—From those whose purses only permit occasional week-end sorties via cut-rate snow trains to moneyed sportsmen who can afford elaborate holidays at St. Moritz or Chamonix, the zest for cavorting on snow and ice has surged astonishingly during the past five years. Mainly on the impetus of the 1932 Olympic winter sports at Lake Placid, New York. Partly through the opportunist ballyhoo by railroads, steamship lines, hotels and sporting-goods manufacturers.

On the strength of an age-old prestige as the "home of winter sports," combined with the romantic magnetism of a trip abroad, Europe will once again draw a vast horde of dilettante and expert sportsmen. Last winter more than 8,000 Americans went to Austria to ski, mainly to St. Anton and Kitzbuehel, most fashionable of the several hundred winter spas.

Arlberg Method—Perched high on the crest of the Alpine divide, St. Anton boasts the most famous ski school in the world: the Arlberg School.

There Hannes Schneider, now instructing skiers in the United States, developed the celebrated Arlberg technique, best known of all methods of streaking downhill with a maximum of ease and a minimum of bruises.

On the long, gradual slopes of Norway, birthplace of skiing, an erect stance is practical. On terrifyingly steep Alpine mountains it is not. The Arlberg technique employs a crouch. When one of Schneider's students approaches a flat or counter slope at forty or fifty miles an hour, he crouches still more, letting gravity fold him up rather than hurl him forward, as it would do were he standing upright.

Curve—Beginners at the Arlberg School first learn the "snow-plow curve," a method of checking too-rapid descent down-hill by spreading the heels of the skis apart and keeping the toes together until they form an inverted V.

Direction is controlled by throwing the weight on either ski: weight on the right, half-turn to the left; weight on the left, half-turn to the right.

The accepted ski technique of the world, the Arlberg method of swings and crouches is adaptable to any terrain, is easy to learn, and permits terrific speed in down-hill racing. Through it Schneider, a large, genial Austrian, has become, at forty-six, "the world's greatest ski teacher."

Coach of the late King Albert of the Belgians and of the present ruler, King Leopold, Schneider, who herded goats as a boy, received $10,000 in 1930 for a month's instruction in Japan.

In other European countries—in Germany, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, France, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Soviet Russia—increasing enthusiasm for winter sports, furthered by the Olympic Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, last February, point to the most extensive program of all time.

Norway—Somewhat lacking in the glitter and swank of such famous resorts as Switzerland's St. Moritz and France's Chamonix, where twenty nations will participate in the world's ski championship from February 11 to 18, Norway and Sweden have inherited traditions which will, once more, attract thousands of foreign tourists.

From Oslo alone, on Sundays, more than 10,000 set out for the city's skiing grounds in Nordmarka, a forest stretching thirty miles northward.

For the average Norwegian, the skiing season does not reach its height until Easter, when a four-day national holiday sends nearly every skier packing off to the mountains. Skiing competition, tho, hits a climax on February 28, with the Holmenkollen race for the King's Cup, an event which has drawn as many as 80,000 spectators.

Second most important of Norway's annual ski races is the *Berkebeinerrennet*, on March 20-21, when between 700 and 800 men race thirty-seven miles cross-country to commemorate the feat of two Norwegian heroes who, in 1206, carried the infant son of the King across the mountains between Rena and Lillehammer during a civil war in the country.

Japan—Never previously regarded very seriously by Americans as an important winter sport region, Japan, on the strength of its selection for the 1940 Olympics, has gone in heavily for new toboggan runs and bob-sled courses.

Japanese athletes scored only three points to Norway's 121 in the 1936 winter Olympics, but experts, including Schneider, rate them a definite threat to international title-holders in the down-hill, slalom and jumping events in 1940.

In spite of devaluation of currency in many foreign countries, low living costs and reduced transportation rates, most Americans must confine their winter cavorting to home territory. This year they will find even more outlets for ice and snow sports than ever before.

Canada—Already reporting thirty-eight inches of snow in and around Quebec, Canadian railroad and hotel promoters anticipate a record winter sports season. From now until March, thousands of Americans will junket to Quebec City, Toronto, Montreal, or strike out for the wilder fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies and the Laurentian Mountains, for dog-sledding, skating, tobogganing, curling, skiing and the dozens of other outside activities for which the Dominion is famed.

Bemoaning the spectacle of good American dollars being splurged in Europe and Canada for winter sports while potentially top-class local resorts remained shuttered until summer, hotel and railroad men in this country have for years longed to promote their own cold-weather vacation spots with, until a few seasons ago, comparatively small success.

Snow Trains—With American interest boosted by the Lake Placid Olympic winter sports, they saw greatly increased hopes of rivaling foreign meccas.

In 1931 America's first regular snow trains chugged out of Boston with a total of 8,371 passengers. Last winter the same trains, of the Boston and Maine railroad, carried 24,240 passengers, 80 per cent. of them skiers.

Complete with equipment-cars and instructors, and bound, according to climatic conditions, for the best winter sports areas, the snow trains have been vastly successful in the East since 1931.

This year railroads expect almost twice as much business as they did in the 1935-'36 season.

Clothes—Sport clothes designers, sensing a new and probably permanent fad, helped spread American interest in skiing and

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skating by exhibiting attractively alluring out-of-doors outfits. Department stores did their share by installing elaborate borax ski slides and hiring foreign experts to give instruction in the technique of ski-running and jumping.

That the new craze held possibilities for the development of a "Switzerland of the United States" was realized more than a year ago when W. Averell Harriman, Chairman of the Board of the Union Pacific, sent Count Felix Schaffgotsch, Austrian sportsman, and an habitué of European winter resorts, in search of an ideal location in this country.

Sun Valley—Exploring countless Western towns and isolated sectors, Count Schaffgotsch hit upon Sun Valley, in the Sawtooth Range of central southern Idaho. There, this Monday, the Union Pacific will formally open a million-dollar hotel, toboggan slides, a skating-rink, ski-lifts and an outdoor swimming-pool in America's first determined effort to swipe the winter sport business from Europe and Canada.

Six thousand feet above sea-level, Sun Valley is surrounded by hills rising from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above its floor. Because of the low humidity and the wind-protection offered by the hills, the temperature is high enough to permit skiing stripped to the waist.

Frequent snowfalls, combined with the climate, create soft, powderlike skiing and tobagganing surfaces that last from December until April.

The slopes around Sun Valley provide almost perfect skiing grounds for both novices and experts. Some of them are more than two miles long. To transport skiers to the starting points, engineers have worked out an elaborate system of tows and "lifts."

Lift—The first leg of the trip up-mountain is accomplished by an electrically-operated tow-line.

Standing on the slender, wax-burnished runners that will, a few minutes later, bear him racing down-hill, the skier rests against padded bars and is pulled, at 400 feet a minute, some 3,000 feet.

At the top of the tow-line he transfers to a "chair lift," latest development in the science of going up-hill on skis without effort.

Seated in a chair, still wearing his skis, he is carried the rest of the way to the mountain's tip. All told, he has been pulled 6,500 feet to an altitude of about 1,500 feet above the valley floor.

Not limited to skiing, which is, as elsewhere, most extensively arranged for, Sun Valley's 3,300 acres have facilities for tobogganing, dog-sledding, ice-skating and sun-bathing in roofless cubicles built of ice blocks which intensify the sun's rays and enable guests to get tanned.

Winter Swimming—Most remarkable of all, to American tourists, is the idea of swimming outdoors in winter. At Sun Valley a natural supply of hot-water springs have permitted construction of a glass-enclosed, roofless pool. Because the water bubbles into the pool at a temperature of 180 degrees, it has to be cooled artificially to 92 degrees.

A colossal investment on the chance that Americans will take to it as they long ago did to foreign winter-sport centers, Sun Valley will seek to attract patronage through regular passenger-train service and moderately low rates. The price per day, including meals, is $8. Top additional cost, to guests and those who stay at local tourist camps, for the use of the ski tows, is $1 a day.

"What they are building up," writes Morton Savell in *Today*, "is not a tinsel-and-gilt affair to catch suckers. It is an earnest effort to provide this country with a resort which will eliminate the necessity for going abroad to find ideal winter-sports facilities.

"With this development in southern Idaho, Count Schaffgotsch, who well knows the charms of St. Moritz, St. Anton, Kitzbuehel and the other European winter spas, sees Sun Valley as a sparkling contender for the interest of . . . thousands—not alone here in America but abroad, too."

SPORT SHOTS

Second lightest division in recognized boxing, the bantam-weight (118-pound) class was, for ten years after 1925, heavy with disputes as to who was the "champion of the world." After Charles (Phil) Rosenberg, unable to make weight, forfeited his "title" in 1927, no fewer than six "little chickens," as they were originally called, pressed claims to the championship here and abroad.

The solution arrived slightly more than a year ago in the dusky person of Sixto Escobar, a shocky-haired Puerto Rican whose flying fists won him the title from Lou Salica, then rated champion by New York State's Boxing Commission. In establishing himself as "undisputed champ," Escobar defeated Tony Marino, lost to Carlos (Baby) Quintana, later knocked out Quintana, on Friday, November 13.

Generally recognized as "world's bantam-weight champion," Escobar, making plans to pass Christmas in his native Puerto Rico, recalled a non-title bout he lost last October to Harry Jeffra, of Simpsontown, Maryland. He booked a return, also non-title, bout with Jeffra, just to keep his 1936 record unblemished, and announced that after disposing of him he would untangle the feather-weight (126-pound) division, which now boasts three champions (Mike Belloise, Harry Armstrong and Petey Sarron).

In New York City last week, Jeffra, a rangy, tireless fighter, entering the ring a 1-2 underdog, lashed into the "undisputed champion" with even more élan than he showed last October, won seven of the ten rounds, and left the bantam-weight situation in almost as muddled shape as it was before.

* * *

Virtually unknown in professional golfing circles, of whose Association he is not a member, and in whose annual championship he did not compete this year, Ralph Guldahl, of St. Louis, was declared last week by the P.G.A. the winner of the Radix Cup for the best medal play along the 1936 tournament stretch.

Last year Guldahl was forty-fifth in ranking. He was not ranked at all in 1934. This year, for sixty-five rounds, he averaged 71.63 strokes, the lowest ever recorded. His spectacular rush to the front, accomplished principally by winning the recent Augusta and Biltmore tournaments, was almost matched by that of Tony Manero, National Open champion, who came from forty-first a year ago to fifth this year.

No cash award accompanies the cup, placed in perpetual competition in 1934 by Harry C. Radix, Chicago sportsman.

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Parade

Booming into one of the most profitable, popular and enduring fads, the "milk bar craze" has captured British fancy with sixty-nine in London, more than 300 in the United Kingdom. "What pleases us is that the tone of the milk bar is being kept so high," said one official of the **Milk Marketing Board.** "When we first opened, the only customers were men. To-day we get men and women in equal proportions. In the beginning, a visit to the milk bar was an experience, almost an adventure. 'What is a milk-shake?' they would ask. Now they are familiar with all varieties, from Bootlegger's Punch to a Goddess Dream." There are no seats in the bars, average customer remains four minutes. Aberdeen has the biggest bar, and drinks everywhere range from four to eight cents apiece. The boom has increased milk consumption in the British Isles by 2,250,000 gallons since its inception fifteen months ago. One London milk bar in rush hours dispenses twenty gallons, another uses 120 gallons in various forms and guises every Saturday.

* * *

Henry W. Lanier, son of Sidney Lanier, one of America's best known poets, was announced winner of the $1,000 first prize in the National Broadcasting Company's Tenth Anniversary Children's program contest. Author, publisher and former editor of *Golden Book Magazine,* and the 1929 Author's Annual, Lanier's volume, "The Book of Bravery," was chosen from more than 740 manuscripts.

* * *

"All right, what's your plea?" snapped **Magistrate Maurice Moore** of Rockville Center, Long Island (N. Y.).

"*Non compos mentis,* Judge, Your Honor," stammered **William Campbell,** thirty-six-year-old Negro, charged with speeding.

Amazed, the Magistrate suggested that nobody whose *mentis* was *non compos* should be driving around in an automobile.

"I must have made a mistake," replied the Negro. "A Hempstead cop told me I would get off by saying those words. Maybe I didn't say 'em right."

Magistrate Moore fined him $15 and then went out to find the cop.

* * *

"Nou iss di tym for al gud men to lurn der ekk, ett, ess," wrote **Carl Berg** of Minot, North Dakota. In his "syntifik spelin," this means "now is the time for all good men to learn their ABC's. "The child who spells cat k-a-t is correct," he said. So he substitutes "dos" for those, "fift" for fifth. He advocates a change in the alphabet with the first letter as k, pronounced "ekk."

* * *

"The WPA theater projects have the opportunity to bring legitimate stage productions to every community in America," declared **Eugene O'Neill,** Nobel prize-winning playwright. "They can present plays before audiences that never before have seen an actual stage production. The possibilities in this respect are thrilling."

* * *

Hollywood's highly touted homes are the ugliest in the world, both inside and out, according to **Paul Laszlo,** European architect. "Most of the stars' homes, and I have visited many, are too artificial and cold,"

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Hazel Pickford: $50,000 feet

he opined. "They bespeak a lack of restraint in both the designing and interior furnishings. Inside, the homes are generally ornate and discordant. Exteriors clash with natural surroundings and fundamental laws of architecture. The trend to 'moderne' is too drastic."

* * *

Lifting her skirts for pictures aboard the French liner *Normandie*, **Mistinguett**, famous Parisian music hall *artiste*, entered the international leg controversy as she arrived in this country. "I weel put them up against Dietrich's," she said, with a heavy French accent, displaying the limbs she once had insured for 1,000,000 francs. Said to be almost sixty years old, Mistinguett revealed her trip was occasioned by impending marriage, her first. "He ees Americain from Shee-ka-go, a beeg beesnis man." Meanwhile, in the Windy City, **Hazel Pickford**, eighteen, national champion shoe show model, was acclaimed for having the most perfect feet in the United States. They are perfectly matched 4B's, insured for $25,000 each.

© International

Mistinguett: 1,000,000-franc legs

* * *

"Collegiate jollity is of the hectic, excitable type," said **Prof. L. M. Sears**, head of Purdue University's History Department. "But actually the student is under the weight of many things which constitute real worries, especially studies, careers and marriage."

Off-Side

Honorary—For services rendered to the Utah Navy Mothers' Club, O. Quande, a chief boatswain's mate, has been named an "honorary mother."

* * *

Cold—"I'm going back to Iceland to get warm," declared Oskar Halldorsson, of Reykjavik, Iceland, in Boston during a recent freezing spell. "It's too cold here for me."

* * *

Egg—Twenty co-eds at Texas College of Arts and Industries breakfasted recently on a single egg. It weighed four pounds and was laid by one of the ostriches owned by the college farm.

* * *

Pronunciation—Natives of Honolulu are determined to educate visitors on two important points. Honolulu, they insist, should be pronounced hoe"-no-loo'-loo. And Hawaii should be hah-y'-ee.

* * *

Leg—A northern Vermont man lost a leg in an accident last year. He wrote the Salvation Army in Boston and they sent him a feminine limb. "It was about the right size," officials of the organization said, "and we didn't have any male legs."

* * *

Celiophane—To protect babies in a Memphis, Tennessee, hospital from fondling admirers, cellophane wrappers will enclose infants on out-of-doors excursions. The containers will be of transparent tissue, with fine wire mesh on the sides to admit fresh air.

* * *

Passé—U. S. Department of Agriculture poultry experts believe the setting hen era is finished. "The incubator has all but replaced her," they said. They estimated that machine "mothers" use 1,800,000,000 eggs to turn out a billion-chick crop annually.

* * *

Banquet—Jess Pullen, Assistant Attorney General of Oklahoma, is advocating a banquet of crow meat which, he says, "tastes as good as chicken." Last year natives enthusiastically sandwiched crow into their diet, what with the State Game and Fish Department urging shooting of the bird as protection to chickens, quail and crops.

* * *

Name—According to his note-book, plain Dan Murphy, fifty-four-year-old Negro farmer, of Van Alstyne, Texas, has one of the longest names in the country. It is: "Daniel's Wisdom May I Know, Stephen's Faith And Spirit Choose, John Divine, Communion Seal, Win The Day And Conquer All Murphy." "But," he says, "just call me Dan."

The peak months for winter conditions are just ahead—*and you'll need all the general resistance* you can build....

Recent facts may point to a way around some common winter discomforts. It has been found that they begin in early fall, but don't really get into full swing until later in the season when your general *resistance* is likely to be low.

Neglecting to get enough exercise, sunshine, fresh air—all these winter habits that tend to lower your general resistance, also make it more difficult for you to keep well.

Two ways are open to you. You can either wait until these winter discomforts take hold, or you can start now with *advance* precautions against them.

It's wisest not to wait until you're affected, but to begin right now building good general resistance. Give *Adex* a trial!

If you take Adex *every day*, you will get Vitamin A, known to be a definite help in building good general resistance. You'll also obtain extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

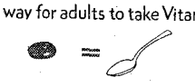
The vitamins come from natural sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

When you start with Adex, remember that the way to get the most out of it is to take it *every day*. Have a bottle on the breakfast table as a daily reminder.

Now at any reliable drug store, in tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

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FAITH IN POWER OF EDITORS SHAKEN

Edwardian Drama and Roosevelt Sweep Lead to Appraisals

Tho newspaper circulation is rising generally, and advertising linage is on the increase, the American press is not altogether happy. Reason:

"Is press influence on the skids?" ask American skeptics, half-insinuatingly, half-patronizingly. "How could 66, 80, 85 or perhaps 90 per cent. of the newspapers have been wrong on the election?"

From across the Atlantic, aspersions are tossed at "transatlantic journalism" and "newspaper hooligans of the United States" as blame is sought for recent Empire-shaking events. (See page 3.)

Discussing both these views in an editorial, the New York *Daily News* said:

"It seems to us that a newspaper should lay all the facts it can get before its readers; the readers to make up their own minds as to what they think about the facts; the paper, if it feels so inclined, to have an editorial column where it states what it thinks about the facts. That was what we did in the recent campaign, on the Presidential Battle Page and in the editorial column facing it; and all our indicators indicated that readers approved the idea.

"The readers are going to do their own thinking about the facts, anyway. To withhold facts from them will only make the explosion the greater when the facts do come out—as witness the riots in London after the British press began talking the Simpson case."

Query—Since late in the nineteenth century, with the regularity of the locust plagues of old, the question—"Is the power of the press waning?"—pops up.

The death of a colorful editor, sale of an important newspaper, merger of two "sheets" invariably has revived the dirge.

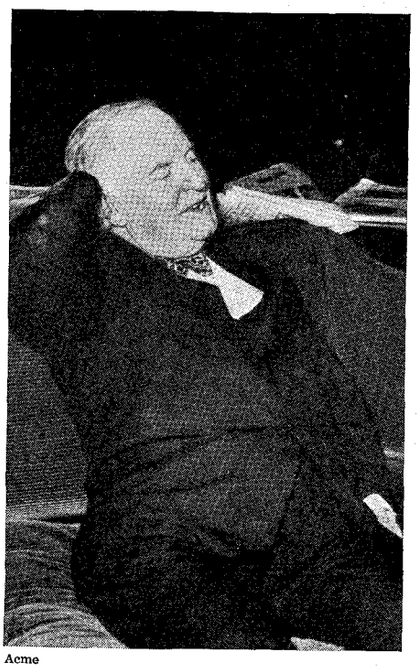
But since November 4, the yammer has been wide-spread, the ubiquitous bogy-man of the press, "Mr. Waning Power," has been traveling the countryside. His cronies today are said to be the radio, newsreels, magazines. It is they who are alined against the fourth estate, alarmists cry.

Analyzing the press proportions in the recent Presidential campaign, the half-heartedly pro-New Deal New York *Times* finds that President Roosevelt had the support of 40 per cent. of the nation's press. The figure was deduced from estimates made by Charles Michelson, of the Democratic National Committee.

Similarly, the influence of the radio has been investigated. The Hartford *Courant* calls attention to the large audience claimed by Father Coughlin, its negative result at the polls. Final figures from the major broadcasting systems reveal that the Republican Party used more time, paid more money for its air programs.

"Neither newspapers nor radio can swing an election," declared a representative of the Columbia Broadcasting System. "They merely focus public opinion. The Government is too close to the people for radio and the press to do otherwise. All voters do not listen in; all do not read editorials or speeches. . . .

"Radio's job is merely to reach the people, and the influence exerted by the speaker on listeners depends entirely upon his voice, personality and what he says."



Acme

William Allen White: "Not sure the newspaper ever had any political influence"

Many editors doubt that newspapers ever exerted any great political influence, agree they have definitely lost it if they did. They cite the support given to William Jennings Bryan, Al Smith, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and even publishers themselves who aspiringly eyed the White House.

The first American newspaper, *Publick Occurrences*, was published in Boston, September 25, 1690. It was censored by the British. For the next 175 years, newspapers were small affairs, owned by editors who expressed their opinions on local issues, swayed community opinions.

Pressed for financing, publishers sought out politicians, got funds. Referring to newspapers as they existed in the so-called "Golden Age of Journalism," Frederick E. Murphy, publisher of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, declared:

"The newspaper of some three generations back was simply the house organ of a political party. Its existence depended upon that party, and without the party it had no excuse for being."

To-day, he added, newspapers are impartial mediums for conveying political news, and, in the transition, they have lost none of their influence with the public.

Verdict—Gerald Cosgrove, Associate Editor of the South Bend (Ind.) *Tribune*, doubts that the political influence in 1936 is any less than that held by the press of thirty, forty or fifty years ago:

"Grover Cleveland was elected President twice in the latter part of the nineteenth century, altho the majority of newspapers outside the South were Republican. If the political influence of newspapers had been as great as intimated, the Democrats could not have elected a President after 1860 until Theodore Roosevelt split the Republican Party in 1912."

Feeling "like the wreck of the Hesperus," William Allen White, Editor-Publisher of the Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette*, admits he worked months in vain for the Republican cause and might just as well have been on a vacation. "I'm not sure the newspaper ever had any political influence," said the Kansan, "but I'm sure we don't have any now."

Less resigned is the Portland *Oregonian:*

"The influence of the press in this year's campaign was practically nil. Yet it is to the everlasting credit of a majority of the nation's newspapers that they contended to the end against perils and fallacies, knowing they were spitting against the wind and that their cause was hopeless."

Crux of much of the current discussion is the worth of the editorial page. Is it obsolete? Has it outlived its purpose?

Inquiry—Curious about its value in his Springfield (Mo.) *News and Leader*, Editor Edson Kingman Bixby queried:

"The *News and Leader* would like to have the opinions of its readers. Should the editorial columns be abolished? Should expressions of opinions be confined to columns which appear at their face value as the voice of a single individual?"

The replies were mixed, so Bixby decided to continue his editorials as usual, with no change in the slogan on his editorial page: "Independent, but Never Neutral."

A few publishers such as William Randolph Hearst and Julius David Stern (Philadelphia *Record*, New York *Post*) blast their more important editorials on the front pages.

This change in the importance of editorial pages, nevertheless, reflects the entire change in the nation's press.

With James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana and Joseph Pulitzer, among other enterprising publishers and editors, the newspaper began turning somersaults to attract the reader.

Comics, women's pages, sports sections, the arts, society became important parts of the paper. To-day, columnists account for many of the pennies passed over newsstands. Photographs were increasingly used. News services covered the world, display advertising fattened the issues to their present size. Humor, sensationalism, exploitation stunts were introduced.

More than 1,950 daily newspapers are estimated as reaching 38,250,000 readers in the United States.

Wireless—Of the 685 radio broadcasting stations in the United States, more than 180 are controlled either in part or wholly by newspapers.

Some observers believe women to be a deciding factor in the changing form of the newspaper. Much of the advertising is directed to their attention. From the often omitted women's half-page of 1890 have grown entire sections devoted to fashions, beauty hints, recipes, home economics, feminine feature pages and society columns. To them, also, is attributed the rise of the drama, motion-picture, music and art sections.

In *The Spectator* last month, Aldous Huxley concluded:

"First, that most people choose their daily paper, not for its opinions, but for its entertainingness, its capacity to amuse and fill the vacancies of leisure.

"Second, that written propaganda is less efficacious than the habits and prejudices, the class loyalties and professional interests of the readers."

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Finance and Industry

"PITTANCE" WINS INDUSTRIAL EMPIRE

Lender of $274,000 Controls $3,000,000,000 Interests

In a shabby upstairs room overlooking St. Paul's graveyard in downtown New York, an auctioneer in September, 1935, droned out the sale of a bushel of stock certificates. Because the certificates constituted the collateral for a $40,000,000 J. P. Morgan and Co. loan, and because the highest bidder for the securities would gain control of the $3,000,000,000 Van Sweringen industrial empire, the room was jammed with tense bankers, brokers, financial reporters.

Tensest of all was Oris P. Van Sweringen, who stood to lose forever the web of railroads, terminals, coal-mines and hotels he and his brother had spun. Most eyes therefore were on "O. P.," as he cocked his ear to catch the bids Col. Leonard P. Ayers, Vice-President of the Cleveland Trust Co., was making in behalf of the "Vans." Some eyes were focused, too, on George Whitney, Morgan partner, who was looking out for the interests of his firm.

No attention at all was paid to a lanky, silvery-mustached septuagenarian in immaculate gray worsted who hovered unobtrusively in the back of the room, listening, saying nothing.

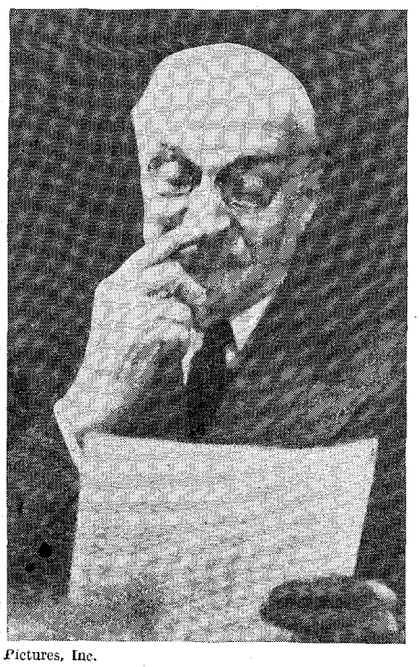
Master—Last week, readers of the financial and even the lay press learned who that quiet elderly man was. He was George A. Ball, Muncie, Indiana, manufacturer of glass preserve-jars, heir to the Van Sweringen promotions, master of an interlocking corporate maze of railroads, terminals, coal-mines and hotels.

To Senator Burton K. Wheeler's Railroad Investigating Committee in Washington, the pink-cheeked manufacturer told how he had gained control of fourteen railroads, of 249 other interests ranging from department stores to orchards.

In the spring of last year, the desperate Van Sweringen brothers, whose Nickel Plate railroads hauled Ball Brothers Manufacturing Co. jars, went to Ball for help. Because of the depression shrinkage of values, they had pawned their economic empire to J. P. Morgan and Co. for a $40,000,000 loan. Now that loan, plus $8,000,000 unpaid interest, was in default, and in the fall the securities which had been put up as collateral would be sold at public auction. Those securities controlled the Alleghany Corporation, top holding company of all Van Sweringen enterprises. The securities also controlled certain Cleveland real estate. What the brothers needed was a comparatively moderate sum, say $3,500,000, to bid in the collateral when it was put on the block.

Of course they had a plan. They would form the Midamerica Corporation, capitalize it with sufficient Ball funds to buy back the collateral shares. Mr. Ball was impressed, put up two-thirds of the $3,121,000 with which Midamerica eventually bid in the defaulted holdings.

But what most fascinated Senator Wheeler and made the most startling headlines was the fact that only $274,000 of the $3,121,000 sum had been sufficient to bid in control of the Alleghany Corporation, apex of the industrial pyramid. The remainder of the $3,121,000 was used to bid in Cleveland real estate also held as collateral by the Morgan interests.



Pictures, Inc.

George A. Ball: paid thousands, holds billions

Magnate—Which meant that for the price of two first-class locomotives, Mr. Ball (who now owns 90 per cent. of Midamerica, which controls Alleghany) had become master of railroads with 23,000 miles of track, which pay $171,500,000 in wages annually, which spend $43,000,000 on supplies and $18,500,000 on fuel. And he was master, as well, of warehouses, grain elevators, Great Lakes shipping companies, bus companies, export businesses.

"Did you know what a vast empire you were buying when you put up the money?" Senator Wheeler asked Ball.

"I knew I'd be in for a lot of things," the elderly manufacturer replied.

What did the seventy-four-year-old manufacturer intend to do with his holdings?

"We intend," he said, "to operate all of these properties to give service to the public and provide a fair return to investors."

Threat—But more important to many observers last week than the septuagenarian's intentions were the intentions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission had asked for a transcript of the testimony at the Wheeler Committee hearings. Since the Wheeler investigation was necessarily limited by the modest appropriation of $75,000 with which it proposed to probe a $12,000,000,000 railroad industry, railroad men attached great importance to that I. C. C. request. It might mean that the Commission intends to take up where Wheeler leaves off, to prosecute a thorough, well-financed investigation, possibly to propose for railroading a law similar to the Wheeler-Rayburn Utility Holding Company Act.

What the Commission may plan to do troubled Mr. Ball little. He had entrusted the management of Midamerica to Herbert

"SANDMAN'S HELPER" POURS IT OUT

If you have trouble getting to sleep, if you twist and toss in bed, let Absorbine Jr., "Sandman's Helper," bring you peace and sleep — simply, safely, quickly, naturally.

First, pour a little cooling, soothing, aromatic Absorbine Jr. in your hand. Rub it firmly into the back of your neck. Many people rub some on their chests, too.

Then go to bed, relax; breathing slowly, count to 100, if you stay awake that long.

Nine people out of ten report the most gratifying results. Try Absorbine Jr. and see how sweet the sleep it coaxes. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Rub a palmful of Absorbine Jr. on the back of your neck. Then go to bed. Relax. Breathe slowly and deeply. Go to sleep.

ABSORBINE JR.

POUR YOURSELF A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, Athlete's Foot

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Fitzpatrick, graying Cleveland lawyer, bachelor and one-time confidant of the "Vans." For himself Ball preferred to keep busy with his preserve-jar plant, the largest of its type in the country and employer of 1,800 men.

With the company which he and four brothers established, Ball had laid the foundation for an estimated $15,000,000 fortune, had become Muncie's leading citizen, a Trustee of the University of Indiana, founder of a hospital, President of a commercial retail chain, Director in eleven companies. Some of the jar-plant profits Ball accepted reluctantly, for the manufacturer is a dry, and during Prohibition large shipments of his jars gravitated into the hands of bootleggers.

DYNAMIC BANKER: Leon Fraser Made President of Institution in Wall Street

In 1909 Columbia University flunked undergraduate Leon Fraser in his senior year. By 1915 Columbia University had given alumnus Leon Fraser four degrees, including a Ph.D. In the interim Leon Fraser had done reporting for the New York *World,* had been admitted to the New York bar, had become an instructor in political science and public law at Columbia University itself.

In 1917 Private Leon Fraser of the A.E.F. became a Major five months after enlistment, was thereafter Judge Advocate in the Service of Supply while accumulating a Distinguished Service Medal and a variety of other decorations. With the War ended, he practised international law in Paris, served as counsel to various American delegations to Reparations Conferences, drew the plans for the Bank for International Settlements, became its chief executive at Geneva in 1933. Last year, with no commercial banking experience whatever, he returned to New York to become a banker. Last week he was made President of Wall Street's potent Morgan-affiliated First National Bank.

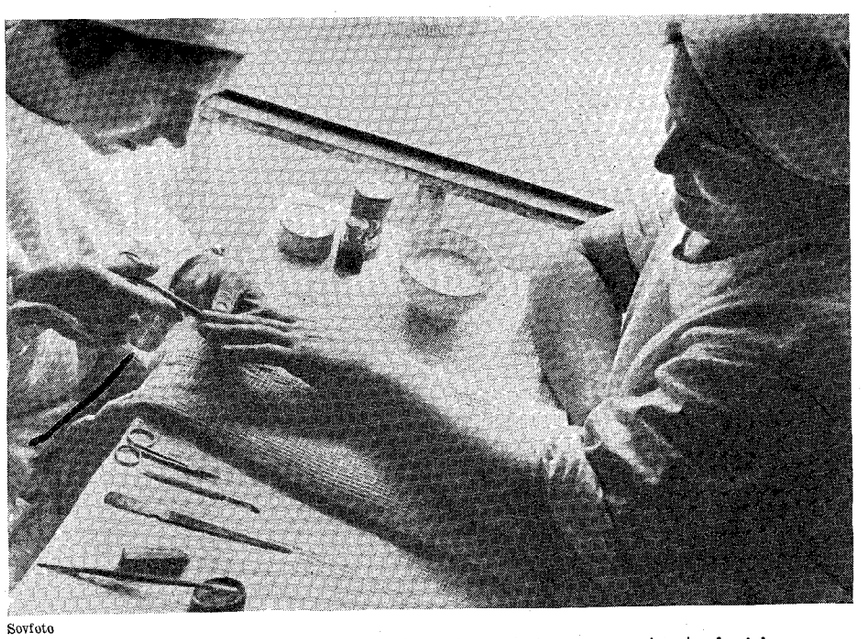
Tradition—In that position, fast-moving Leon Fraser will succeed another one-time lawyer, Jackson E. Reynolds. He will inherit the traditions of the late forceful George F. Baker, whose years of shrewdly aggressive management carried First National through many a crisis and established it firmly in the front rank of American banking institutions. With deposits well in excess of $500,000,000, First National earned more than $11,000,000 last year, paid out $10,000,000 (100 per cent.) in dividends to its stockholders, as it has been doing since 1926. The current price of the stock is $2,100 a share. In 1929 it sold at $8,375 a share; in 1932 at $800.

Presidency of the First National Bank of New York means intimate association with many a big corporation—United States Steel, American Telephone, National Biscuit, such railroads as New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, a dozen others. Into this glittering company, stocky, dynamic Leon Fraser will now step as Wall Street's newest big banker, almost its youngest. Last week his friends were indignantly denying that he will carry with him two long-practised habits acquired when he was a newspaper man—wearing vividly colored shirts and working in his shirt-sleeves.

BEAUTY IN RUSSIA: Women Turn to Cosmetics and Vast New Industry Arises

Soviet Russia's women provide two-thirds of that nation's doctors, two-thirds of its teachers, one-third of its industrial technicians. They build subways, clean streets, "man" steamships, tote army rifles.

But even Amazons will not submit always to leather jackets, heavy boots and shiny noses. So, in 1924, prior to the First Five Year Plan, the Kremlin high command organized *Glavperfume* (perfume and beauty aid trust) to make the female comrade feminine. To persuade sister Communists to pay more attention to finger-nails, eyebrows and lips as head of *Glavperfume,* Russia's economic planners in 1927 chose slim, 120-pound Paulina Zhemchuzina, in private life Madame Molotov, wife of Vyachislav Molotov, President of the Council of Commissars.



Sovfoto

Beauty comes to the Soviet . . . Madame Comrade is encouraged to be feminine

Last week, as they strolled in their recreation parks, lolled in workers' rest camps on the Black Sea or thronged State theaters, Russia's women bore alluring evidence of Comrade Paulina Molotov's labors. They applauded with hands softened by lotions, dimpled rouged cheeks in laughter. Some even patted permanent-waved hair.

To supply Bolshevik ladies with beauty aids, *Glavperfume* had to start from scratch, for under the Czars Russia had no domestic perfumeries. By the time Paulina Molotov took over in 1927, the industry had grown to be a $13,400,000 business.

Output—Supervised by the Soviet Government's Commissariat for Food Industry, Madame Molotov's *Glavperfume* this year will produce 85,000,000 bottles of perfume and *eau de cologne,* 70,000,000 packets of cosmetics, 300,000,000 cakes of toilet soap. Unfortunately, 300,000,000 cakes of toilet soaps for a nation of 160,000,000 people means that the average Russian must stretch about two bars of toilet soap over the year. The Soviet citizen's more fortunate American contemporary uses about thirteen cakes yearly.

But production-conscious Soviet citizens like to point out that their perfume industry this year will produce $185,000,000 worth of lotions, soaps, shaving-creams and perfumes.

They like to point out also that the industry turned up a handsome $84,000,000 profit last year, most of which went into employee-welfare plans, into plant expansion and into the Government's general fund. Next year, Madame Molotov and the board of executives and engineers which she directs will step up activities in twenty-three factories. Five of these manufacture only laundry soap; two prepare the raw material for toilet soap; three prepare glass cosmetic containers; one produces machinery for all other plants.

In Moscow, the New Dawn perfume factory employs 12,000 workers, turns out 220,000 bottles daily. Thirty-one-year-old Tatyana Maximovna Morzova, its Director, began fourteen years ago as a soap packer, educated herself in the factory night school, won the Red Banner of Labor (distinguished service award).

Luxury—*Glavperfume* also operates 158 retail stores in Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkof, Kief and other big Soviet cities. No bare, wooden-floored rooms house Madame Molotov's cosmetic treasures. Communist women seeking beauty aids sniff her perfumes in an atmosphere of fine woods, marble, smart glass display-cases. Subdued electric lights play and courteous sales girls wait on customers.

Comrade Paulina Molotov learned about service and store decorations when she visited America last Spring.

Altho *Glavperfume* now produces a line of 15,000 articles, demand by beauty-starved Russian women far exceeds supply. Furthermore, Soviet Commissars frankly admit that the Russian output still falls short of the quality they would like to achieve. For this they blame lack of equipment, hurried craftsmanship and Russia's previous accent on heavy rather than light industry.

In one thing the head of Russia's perfume trust has chosen not to imitate America, and that is in brand names. While American women are lured with "Passion Flower" rouge, "Invitation" lip-stick, "Dream Night" cold-cream, Communist sisters pick such brands as Red Moscow, Express, Progress and Kremlin.

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C. E. Brooks, Inventor

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INSURANCE CHIEF: Aiken, Admirer of Hamilton, Succeeds Buckner as New York Life President

For more than 2,670,000 far-flung policyholders in particular, for the insurance and financial communities in general, last week produced noteworthy news. Out of big New York Life Insurance's Presidency stepped the company's employee of longest service, Thomas Aylette Buckner, to become Chairman of its weighty Board of Directors.

Into his vacated place simultaneously stepped towering, broad-shouldered Alfred Lawrence Aiken, to become the nonagenarian corporation's new and ninth chief executive.

No surprize to insurance men was either elevation. For the veteran Buckner at seventy-one, new honors, lessened responsibilities, were timely after fifty-six years of steady office boy-to-president progress through New York Life departments during the period of the company's greatest development. Not yet fifteen when he entered its service, he was a Vice-President at thirty-five. His Presidency, begun in 1931, covered the time of greatest stress in the company's history. As Chairman, he will hereafter head the distinguished Board to which his efforts added such names as Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Alfred E. Smith.

To stalwart, sixty-six-year-old Alfred Aiken, the New York Life Presidency falls naturally. Connecticut-born, Yale '91, he started with the company in 1894, interrupted his service five years later when he went into banking.

A Massachusetts bank President, he declined a Taft appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in 1909, became Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston in 1914, was made President of Boston's old National Shawmut Bank four years afterward.

Builder—Meanwhile, identified again with New York Life as a director, he returned to it from banking as a Vice-President in 1925, had much to do with the erection of the company's great new building on the site of New York's original Madison Square Garden.

In his office in that building now stands a striking reproduction in miniature of the famous St. Gaudens Diana which, as a weather-vane atop the Garden's tower, was for years an outstanding feature of the New York sky-line.

Conspicuously energetic in business, New York Life's new President is conspicuous also for physical vigor. Twice daily he strides the two-mile Park Avenue stretch between home and office. An ardent fly fisherman, he regularly whips American and Canadian streams for salmon and trout, occasionally uses heavier tackle and coarser bait in salt water. Protracted mountain trips with pack-trains from the Canadian border to Mexico are among his diversions.

For contrast, Alfred Aiken is also devoted to art, music, books. An admirer of the financial genius of Alexander Hamilton, his collection of Hamiltoniana is one of the most complete, most valuable in the country. When he left Boston to become New York Life's Vice-President, Shawmut Bank employees significantly chose as a most appropriate gift to him a rare first edition of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."

Birthday—Formed in 1845 by a group of leading Americans who pledged a total of

Prelude to a Party

As fresh pineapples are a traditional part of a luau menu, so has natural pineapple juice become the favored party beverage among smart Island hostesses.

Sparkling and bright—a tonic when you are tired and bored—that's the way you want a party to be. And that's the way Dole Pineapple Juice tastes. It's natural and unsweetened. You get the true pineapple flavor and tang because of the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process.

D O L E

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$55,815 as a guaranty fund, New York Life will reach its ninety-second birthday next April. With no stockholders to demand dividends, it accumulated assets of $200,000 by 1850, was then able to relieve the early guarantors of their liabilities. Ten years after the gold rush of '49, the company had spanned the country and established an agency in California. As its expansion policy, it chose men of outstanding ability to serve as its agents.

Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," was one. Thomas A. Hendricks, later Vice-President of the United States, was another. Hugh McCulloch, afterward Secretary of the Treasury under three Presidents, was still another.

The company throve through epidemics, panics, war. The great depression of the '70's tested its strength, but it showed continuing increase in business and assets. Later crises failed to halt its growth, altho the lopping off of foreign agencies and business was for a time restrictive, conservative non-participation in the extravagances of the '20's was temporarily retarding.

In its last report, New York Life showed itself third among the great insurance companies of the country, first among those which confine themselves to ordinary life insurance business. Its assets topped $2,243,000,000. Its outstanding insurance exceeded $6,620,000,000. It had paid or credited to its policyholders since its organization more than $1,127,000,000 in earned dividends.

AIR EXPRESS: Planes Rush Heavy Cargoes to Replace Depleted Christmas Stocks

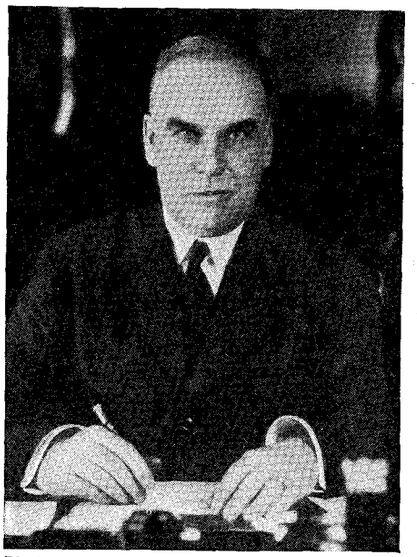
Anxious shopkeepers, deluged by the biggest wave of Yuletide buying in seven years, kept manufacturers on the jump last week with orders to refill depleted shelves. Harried manufacturers, in turn, kept air express executives on the jump meeting these orders, piled a record load on strained aviation facilities.

From a Mexico City department store to New York, for instance, went a wired rush demand for Lionel Corporation electric toy-train motors. Truckmen of the Railway Express Agency's Air Express division raced the tiny machines to Newark Air-port, saw them off on a south-bound American Airlines liner. Department store clerks laid the motors out on toy counters in the Mexican Capital nineteen hours later.

In Detroit shop-owners clamored by long-distance telephone to New York for the Ideal Novelty and Toy Company's Shirley Temple dolls. United Airlines sped two cargoes of Oriental-garb miniature Shirley Temples to Detroit in five hours.

Cheering Rush—In the Christmas rush, aviation officials found ample cause for holiday cheer. More cheering still was their record, established in the February to October nine-month period, for it showed an accelerating trend toward air express transportation.

For this period the Railway Express Agency system, which owns no planes, but operates on a revenue percentage basis through twenty-one air-lines, reported a 65 per cent. jump in revenues over 1935. United Airlines, largest unit in the Railway Express Agency system and carrier of 40 per cent. of all domestic air cargoes, reported a 75 per cent. increase. General Air Express, a division of Transcontinental & Western Air, which operates independently of the Railway Express Agency, similarly reported a 56 per cent. gain for the first nine months of the year.



Blank & Stoller

New York Life's new head: Alfred L. Aiken

For United Airlines, the nine-months' record business will push the 1936 air freight load to an estimated 2,500,000 pounds, a smart jump from the 75,750 pounds which the company's planes flew in 1930.

Airline executives point out that express carries only a minor portion of total air-line revenues. But the important thing to them is that express business is expanding steadily, is now the swiftest growing revenue producer in commercial aviation. In 1930, for instance, air express accounted for less than one per cent. of United Airlines' total operating revenues. Last year the company's express income of $308,650 constituted 3.5 per cent. of the $8,740,000 total operating revenues reported.

Business men first resorted to air express in emergencies, then found it indispensable for the movement of advertising material (now one-fourth of total air freight volume), for newsreel negatives and prints, electrotypes, bank-checks, even certificates for newly floated stock and bond issues.

Aid to Growers—Recently growers of special agricultural products have turned gratefully to air-ways. A broker in New York, for example, wires a Pacific Coast grower of walnuts that he has a prospective customer.

Two pounds of sample walnuts speed eastward in the next transcontinental air-plane, arrive overnight at the Newark Air-port, are raced by telegraph company's messenger boy to the prospective customer. A deal is closed by telephone or telegraph. Within thirty-six hours after the New York broker wired his initial query, a shipment of walnuts moves east by rail.

Altho air express is swiftly outgrowing the emergency stage, many shipments still are of the rush type which must catch the next available air-plane. Air executives therefore must supply sufficient planes to provide service at frequent intervals. The Railway Express Agency, for instance, schedules eighteen flights daily between New York and Chicago. TWA schedules eight. Shipments on these planes average from six to eight pounds each.

To keep pace with growing demand, United Airlines will place twenty-eight twin-engined Douglas planes, costing $3,000,000, in service in January.

While the planes are of the twenty-one passenger type, ten of them will be fitted with seats for only fourteen passengers to permit carriage of 2,800 pounds of cargo, three times as much as the present capacity of the company's planes. An average passenger with baggage weighs 200 pounds. Substantially the same amount of revenue is derived from 200 pounds of express as from each passenger.

To back up their judgment in expanding their equipment, United Airlines officials can marshal impressive figures. Last October, for example, the company flew 236,120 pounds of air express. For the entire year of 1932 it carried only 172,326 pounds.

EMBEZZLERS: Surety Company Makes Study of Culprits and Reasons for Their Stealing

Embezzlers cost American business more than $200,000,000 annually.

Such is the finding of the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, $45,000,000 surety company of Baltimore, which has just completed a study of data covering 1,001 embezzlers (963 men, 38 women). Last week E. Asbury Davis, President of the company, published these composite pictures:

Composite Culprit—The male culprit is likely to be a white-collar worker in an industrial company, thirty-six years old, a high-school graduate. His boss likes him, has come to trust him after more than five years on the job. Prior to the discovery of his peculations, the boss thought him thoroughly honest.

He is father of two children, earns $175 monthly, but his wife and friends believe he makes $300 or more. He owns a last year's model automobile, still owes money on it. Well respected by neighbors, he drinks moderately and is considered an all-around good fellow.

The female embezzler averages about thirty-three years, is unmarried, and on her job for seven years. She earns $115 monthly. Unlike the male peculator, she is apt to have an accomplice, is likely to steal for some one else's benefit.

Reasons—Why do embezzlers defraud employers? Usually they swear they had not intended to steal, but meant only to borrow the money. One-third of them are driven to such "borrowing" by living beyond their means. Another 26 per cent. speculate, gamble or tipple their way into debt. An additional 14 per cent. are driven to theft because they can't keep their personal accounts in order. Still another 11 per cent. are victims of romantic or domestic misadventures. Fewer than 5 per cent. have criminal traits.

The embezzler is likely to get away with his deception for an average of two and a half years.

Once the stealing begins, it continues with increasing frequency. But there is little chance that the culprit will run away. Of those surveyed, only 2 per cent. absconded. More likely is suicide.

An additional point is made by the American Institute of Accountants: embezzlement and larceny cause 7 per cent of all American business failures.

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Mail

(*Continued from page 1*)

was an imitation before taking their money. Better not tell too much about old violins; it isn't healthy for the business.

V. L. SCHWENK,
Violin-maker.

Sir:—I was much interested in your article in the November 28 issue on the "Last Strad," where you stated that the supposed number of these instruments was 1,036. I have a violin in which is pasted the label "Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis Faciebat Anno 1736," the last two figures being made with pencil. Could mine be one of the missing instruments?
Gordo, Alabama. W. F. BARNARD.

As there are 10,000 faked Stradivarius labels for every genuine one, and as the maker always added the last two figures of the year in ink, Mr. Barnard may suspect that his label is one of the 10,360,000 fakes.—*Editor.*

"WRONG NUMBER—HE WANTED THAT NUMBER"
—By Schus; George Matthew Adams Service

Platinum and Farmers

Sir:—Capitalism can be convicted of gross misconduct on two counts set forth in the article on platinum, THE LITERARY DIGEST, issue of November 28.

1. According to your unbiased story, the scheme set forth for dealing in platinum, and certificates issued thereon, produces nothing. Yet these men expect to "make" money by these means. What they intend to produce, obviously, is an opportunity for speculation, which still has to prove its social value.

2. Your story illustrates with what ease finance and business may regulate prices without regard for supply and demand. "Because estimated world consumption lags behind platinum production . . . prices are rigorously controlled by the selling agents to prevent demoralization of the market."

Business does this with impunity. But when the Government tries to do the same for the country's farmers, it is damned from the right and the left.

[THE REV.] WARREN P. WALDO.
Sheldon, Vermont.

"200 Were Chosen"

Sir:—Under "Drama and Music" in the issue of December 5, I read a review of the new play "200 Were Chosen," which is about the Matanuska Valley Resettlement project in Alaska. Your reviewer declares that it was "obviously drawn from first-hand study of the project."

I wish to call your attention to an article in the New York *World-Telegram* on December 2.

Professor Ross Sheely, a director of the said colony in Alaska, viewed the play and had the following to say:

"It's a good play. I enjoyed it as a play. But since when can an Iowan write about Alaska without ever seeing it? I asked the author if he had ever been up there. He said he never had. What I want to know is, how a fellow is going to write about Alaska and about our colony up there without ever looking at it?

"Now this play makes it look as if the Government had starved the settlers into submission. There wasn't anything like that ever. If they couldn't build their own houses, the Government built them for them. There was no actual food shortage at any time. . . . Any one who wished has always been transported back to the State from which he came at any time."

Presumably the author, Prof. E. P. Conkle of the University of Iowa, can take solace in the fact that Shakespeare never saw Denmark to write "Hamlet," or Italy to write "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice" or Ibsen never saw Africa to experience the exotic moments of "Peer Gynt."

But "first-hand information" . . .?
New York City. DURYEA LAWRENCE.

Proof-Reader Beware

Sir:—Members of the U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting District of San Francisco have selected an All-America football team which may appeal to your editor of "What's the Name, Please?" Here goes:

LE	GRBOVAZ, George Washington
LT	TRZUSKOWSKI, Idaho
LG	CARACCIOLA, Dartmouth
C	CHERUNDOLO, Penn State
RG	GUIZYNSKI, Temple
RT	MONCEWICZ, Holy Cross
RE	KREZOWSKI, Minnesota
QB	KAVEACHICICH, Temple
LH	TRINASTICH, George Washington
RH	HECOMOVICH, Greeley State
FB	WIECZOUK, Detroit

T. TALMAGE TAYLOR,
San Francisco. *Major, U. S. Marine Corps.*

Eugenic Babies

Sir:—Your article "Eugenic Babies" in the November 21 issue does not tally with Seymour and Koerner's article, "Medicolegal Aspect of Artificial Insemination," in the November 7 issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association.* It is the testicular specimen which is examined for potency and purity that is kept, but the actual insemination by the donor must be given the woman in the usual physical way for fertilization.

As to legality and protection from lawsuits, the husband and wife must both sign a consent sheet so that the child and the doctor, as well as wife and husband, are protected by the laws of New York State.
Albany, New York. FRANK S. DOWLING.

Mr. Dowling is in error in his statement that artificial insemination is effected by mating donor and wife. Were this true, the process would not be "artificial," would require no intervention of a physician. The donor simply provides the spermal fluid, which later is mechanically implanted.—*Editor.*

"Libeled Lady"

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of November 7, a short synopsis of the movie "Libeled Lady" was given and a few of the "gags" mentioned. I saw the picture recently, but didn't see that "gag" about the toothpicks.

Evidently the writer of the article saw a double feature that day.

(MISS) ROSE MARY CIARDI.
Nutley, New Jersey.

Evidently, the drama critic of THE LITERARY DIGEST saw a preview of "Libeled Lady," which was cut before being exhibited publicly.—*Editor.*

Diet

Sir:—You misquoted me in the Science and Medicine Department of your November 14 issue: "Not to be bested by these iconoclasms, Dr. Milton A. Bridges, diet authority at Columbia University, announced that an apple a day doesn't keep the doctor away, that there is no such thing as a 'reducing' or 'fattening' food, that it is silly to abstain from meat to cure high blood-pressure.

I presume that inadvertently you used the term "fattening" as a contradistinction to "reducing" foods. Needless to say, a statement that there is no such thing as a fattening food is absolutely incorrect.
New York City. MILTON A. BRIDGES, M.D.

Jackson's Patronage Record

Sir:—Under the title, "Civil Service vs. Patronage," THE LITERARY DIGEST of November 28 carried a discussion of the desirability of appointing fit persons to position in the Government service. While it is not my purpose to take issue with an article respecting Civil Service reform, I do disagree with you with reference to old Andrew Jackson's patronage record.

You are entitled to a meed of charity because you have only repeated an error of so many history books, most of them based on writings of Federalists bitterly opposed to Jackson. Federalists and their descendants, ever since, have been as busy as coon dogs on a hot trail in slanting their writings against Andrew Jackson, influencing you to set down: "It was Andrew Jackson who fathered the

"WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE MALE MEMBERS OF THE CAST!"
—D'Alessio © New York American

'plum peddling' system that has lasted to this day. . . ."

Actually, his was not "plum peddling." In those bitter days, every mother's son of an office-holding crowd in Washington was fighting in that campaign against "Old Hickory." Mr. Bowers and other modern reputable historians tell us that Jackson's election was "something more than a shock—it was an affront. In the campaign, he had been opposed by two-thirds of the newspapers, four-fifths of the preachers, practically all of the manufacturers, and seven-eighths of the banking capital. . . ."

Employees of the preceding Administration offered little help to his own . . . he had to turn out many of them. But you make this unqualified statement: "A relentless fighter who rewarded his friends and punished his enemies, Jackson made a clean sweep of Federal employees. . . ."

Let's look at the record:

In "Thirty Years' View," the great Thomas H. Benton states that Jackson left a majority of his enemies in office, that he actually reappointed enemies who were efficient (Volume 1, page 160). Only one-seventh of the office-holders in Washington were removed—in the Post Office Department, one-sixteenth. In the Treasury Department, removals were based on the discovery of fraudulent transactions of more than $280,000.

Finally: John Quincy Adams, Jackson's predecessor, sat up on March 3, 1829, until 11:30, signing commissions and appointments for his own friends to live on during the approaching Jackson Administration.

Give a great American a square deal; his memory is entitled to our homage.
Oklahoma City. BAXTOR TAYLOR.

Skool Daze

Sir:—The Loony Loons send in some loony chemistry hints: Zinc—what we wash in; antimony—what our fathers pay when they get a divorce; barium—what we do with dead people; sulfur—we do when we get burned; atom—a fellow student's name; nitrate—we get it when using the phone late at night; lead—that's what some of us have to be.

HARRISON HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL.
Ellinwood, Kansas.

Would any one like an unused copy of the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language?—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

Where wild animals have been misbehaving? (See page 15.)

What Senator Borah prefers for dessert? (See page 14.)

Where is the "throne-room of the god of gadgets?" (See page 37.)

That embezzlers cause 7 per cent. of all business failures. (See page 46.)

What causes poison fogs? (See page 18.)

What is the best way to spend a million? (See page 20.)

Who hires—and fires—91,000 persons a year? (See page 21.)

Where history displaces nudes? (See page 24.)

How one German exile profits from Hitler? (See page 26.)

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BETWEEN *the* LINES

To One Editor

SEVEN LETTERS EVERY HOUR

"Dear Editor," wrote a man from Wyoming, "I have 640 acres under irrigation, $4,000 in a Laramie bank, am forty-two years old, but lonely. Can you help me find a wife?"

A letter to a matrimonial bureau? No indeed; one of the hundreds of thousands of letters the Editor who occupies The Literary Digest's "Lexicographer's (un) Easy Chair" has received during a quarter century of answering questions.

Of course not everyone wants a wife. But many a problem posed in the daily batch of mail dumped on the Editor's desk is just as ticklish.

Even those correspondents who know that the Editor's function is to settle the correct pronunciation, usage and derivation of words often fly the flag of warning in the opening sentence:

"A bet B . . ." Or: "My husband and I disagree . . ."

A thousand questions a month—twelve thousand a year. What are they all about?

Perhaps 50 per cent. deal with pronunciation. "Station WEEI pronounces such-and-such a word thus, while Station WOCC pronounces it thus, while 'Atlanta, Jawja' people say . . ." Or: "How does Mr. Wycslovenkoee call himself?"

Another 25 per cent seek guidance on the correct usage of words. "Should I say 'Who did you give the letters to' or 'Whom did I give the letters to?"

Still another 10 per cent. involve the simplest rules of grammar totally unrelated to the broad field of lexicology.

But the remaining 15 per cent it is that make the "Easy" Chair a trifle "uneasy." "Please give me the English equivalent for *schnelllaufenderschiffsmaschinen* . . ." "I have been invited by some French friends to the wedding of their daughter in Paris. Should my regrets be written in English or French?"

Among other things, the Editor is expected to be a walking gazetteer, a cross-word puzzle expert, a social arbiter, an inventor of new trade names, an anagram addict, a religious authority, a mythologist, a jurist, a parliamentarian, an historian—in short, an endless encyclopedia.

And above all—as the daily stream pours in from government bigwigs, newspapers, lawyers, doctors, housewives and cranks—the editor is a combination of Samuel Johnson, Job, Moses, and Emily Post.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

H-m-m.—"Weak eyes, have you? Well, how many lines can you read on that chart?"
"What chart?"—*Columbia Jester.*

Too Bad.—Always remember, no matter how bad prose may be, that it might be verse.—*The Sunday Express (London).*

Naturally.—USHER: "How far down do you wish to sit, lady?"
LADY: "All the way, of course."—*Annapolis Log.*

Freedom.—"In Scotland we dinna ca' them Mayors, we ca' them Provosts."
"And do they wear chains?"
"Na, na. They jist gang aboot loose."—*Punch (London).*

Actor.—Then there was the sad case of the actor who fell off a ship passing a lighthouse. He drowned swimming circles to keep in the spotlight.—*Judge.*

Machine Age.—JOCK: "And how do you like your radio, Mac?"
MAC: "Mon, it's grand, but the wee light's hard to read by."—*The Weekly (Auckland, N. Z.) News.*

Retort Courteous.—"I insured my voice," stated the famous singer, "for $50,000."
"And what," asked his rival, "have you done with the money?"—*Louisville (Ky.) Journal.*

Check Up.—HE (twice nicked by razor): "Hey, barber, give me a glass of water."
BARBER: "What's wrong, did I get a hair in your mouth?"
HE: "No, I just wanted to see if my neck leaks."—*Annapolis Log.*

Experience.—KIT: "Gee, but that date last night was fresh."
KAT: "Why didn't you slap his face?"
KIT: "I did; and take my advice, never slap a guy when he's chewing tobacco."—*The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.).*

Stet.—"What's a Grecian urn?"
"Very little."—*The Weekly (Auckland, N. Z.) News.*

Social Note.—After a severe buffeting in the Atlantic, she arrived on Thursday morning with passengers from Cherbourg and frights from England.—*American paper.*
All right, there's no need to rub it in.—*Humorist (London).*

Chit-Chat.—OFFICER (to colored driver who has been whipping his horse): "Don't whip him, man—talk to him."
DRIVER (to horse by way of opening conversation): "Ah comes from N'Awleans. Wheah does you-all come from?"—*Southern Lumberman.*

Static.—The man at the theater was annoyed by the conversation in the row behind.
"Excuse me," he said, "but we can't hear a word."
"Oh," replied the talkative one; "and is it any business of yours what I'm telling my wife?"—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Alda—soprano—first *a* as *ah: ahl'da.*
Andreva — soprano — she says, *an-dray'va.*
Barbirolli—conductor, Philharmonic Symphony—as if written *bar'bi-rull-ee.*
Bodanskaya—soprano—as if *bo-dahn' sky-ah.*
Cravath — president, Metropolitan Opera—*cravat* with an *h: cra-vath'.*
Flagstad — soprano — she says, just *flag'stad.*
Galli-Curci — coloratura soprano — equal stresses: *gahl-lee koor-chee.*
Eide Norena—soprano—as if written *ay'ee-da no-ray'na.*
Oelheim — contralto — a rime with *whole time: ole'hime.*
Ponselle — dramatic soprano — rimes with *con well: pon-sell'.*
Telva—contralto—as written: *tel'va.*
Yon—organist, composer—*o* of *go: yong.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Several of the dog's ribs were broken and it was also bruised in the tussle.—*Troy (Pa.) paper.*
That's usually fatal.

When the crocodile drives, he closes his eyes and looks through his eyelids.—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) paper.*
Lots of humans do the same thing.

ATTORNEY HELD
FOR HARBORING
CONGRESSMAN
—*Wichita Falls (Tex.) paper.*

Why, the old rascal!

VANITY DRESSES
Large and roomy with beautiful mirrors at half their real value. Other odd pieces at low prices.—*Danville (Va.) paper.*
But probably none as odd as that one.

An astonishing thing has occurred in eastern Africa, which may have momentous consequences to America. China is aroused and ready at last to resist Japan.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) paper.*
The consequences will be more *stupendous* than *momentous.*

The horse-power rating of the four most popular makes of cars in the United States ranges from 23.4 to 33.8 to detect the smallest deviations in the thread of silk stockings.—*Toledo (Iowa) paper.*
Add facts we never knew 'til now.

With abundant warmth something had to come off and heavy underwear seemed the most natural government to discard.—*Charleston (W. Va.) paper.*
Why, it's practically revolutionary!

They will leave for Mexico City where Mr. A——— has been stationed, he having been transferred by his company to the place of manager of the Republic of Mexico.—*Weatherford (Tex.) paper.*
Mexican papers please copy.

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